National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVII. NO. 25. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856. WHOLE NO. 857.

National Anti-Slavery Standard

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

The Spirit of the South.

RESTORATION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

From The Charleston (S. C.) Standard.

NEAR three years ago we avowed ourselves in favour of the slave trade, and as this had at least the merit of being a new proposition, it may be interesting and instructive, perhaps, to look upon the changes, if any, in Southern opinion, that have since occurred. It is not too much to say that the position was an extreme one. Men were generally disinclined to make a standard of slavery. We had slaves, and, as against all others, we had a right to hold them; but there was the feeling that, in some sense, they were plunder, which it was enough to get out of the way with. And, solicitous to sustain ourselves within the existing social sentiment of the world, we were unwilling to revolt against it, and we were rather inclined to brave the world in the practice of an acknowledged wrong than promulge the social principle upon which our acts were to be rendered right. This we thought unwise. We believed it not only possible, but necessary, to erect a standard of our own. Though slavery was possessed of every element necessary to a living social system, we felt it never could be defended upon preëxisting principles of opinion; but that, to its vindication and establishment, there was the necessity of distinct organization and intelligence; that, instead of a flank, we must present a front—instead of fear, we must have hope—instead of endurance, action—and, to the end of changing our attitude in the contest, and of planting our standard right in the very faces of our adversaries, *we propose, as a leading principle of Southern policy, to reöpen and legitimate the slave trade.*

There were few, at first, to come to this position. The Southern journals were generally silent, and all those which spoke, except the Charleston *Mercury* and the Richmond *Examiner*, deprecated its temerity. We failed to have the proposition placed before the Southern Commercial Convention; we found an indisposition in the public mind to be disturbed upon a disagreeable subject; and we were indebted to journals at the North for the opportunity of a more full discussion of the subject.

Since that time, however, there have been many circumstances to affect opinion at the South. The sentiment of opposition to our institutions has led to further acts of political aggression. The entrenchment of our position has been no impediment to legislative and territorial circumspection. Yielding ground before our adversaries, we have come, at last, to points beyond which we can yield no further, and the alternatives of surrender or reaction have been forced upon us. To reaction, therefore, we have been impelled; but at every step we have been met by difficulties, which seemed only to be obviated by the measure we propose. *One necessary step was to preöccupy the Territory to the West, and thus preserve, as near as possible, an equality in the Federal branch of the National Legislature; but there we were met by an insufficiency of population.* While men, from superabundance, were crowded out from the North, and were directed by emigration aid societies upon Kansas, we had not enough for the ordinary offices of labour, and it required force to send them out. Even then there was the further difficulty. *If we were to send labouring whites, there was the apprehension that they themselves would acquire an interest in the Territory in opposition to the institution of domestic slavery, and thus might fail to secure the State. If we were to send slaves, we lose their conservative office in the social economy at home.* So many whites have come in since slaves have been restricted that this class of our population is greatly in excess. Many have taken to the walks of manual labour. They struggled for subsistence *in competition with the slave*, and already, even in this State, where there is still an excess of slaves, the proposition had been made and pressed, to relieve the whites from the severities of such a contest. To fortify the frontier, therefore, there was the danger of violating the integrity of slave society in the centre of our soundest State. The political power to be gained on the one hand was not a compensation for the moral strength to be lost on the other. One effort might be successful, but others must occur perpetually; and, constrained to elect between power in Congress or power in the States, between social strength or political extension, our speculations turned abroad, and the minds of men were forced to vibrate between the alternative of "circumscription or the slave trade."

Another not less necessary step was *to increase the general population of the South, and preserve an approximation to equality in the popular branch of the National Legislature.* If it had been possible to preserve a footing in the Senate by territorial extension, it soon appeared that the House would take the control of Government. That body had elected an Abolition Speaker, and its constituents propose to elect a President. Without a delegation from the South approaching in strength the delegation from the North, there was no hope of participation in the Government. The necessity for a greater population became apparent. We could expect no great increase of foreign labour in competition with our slaves; but should increase occur, *it would tend still more to change the nature of our society. The white element would only the more surely claim the aid of legislation to exclude the slave*, and there was no reasonable hope, therefore, of being able to supply our wants with the pauper population of Europe. To submit to the Government of an irresponsible majority in Congress, was not to be thought of, and the minds of men were forced again to vibrate between the alternatives of dissolution or the slave trade.

There was another step important to be taken. A contrast had been drawn between the North and South in respect of their improvements—the deficiencies of the South had been established, and the fact was charged to the institution of domestic slavery. We knew that this was no evidence of inefficiency—we knew that while labour had been cut off from the South, it had continued to pour in upon the North; that, in consequence of this, they have twice as much labour and less land, and it was natural and necessary, therefore, that their relative improvements should be greater. We also knew that in proportion to population at the South, the products are greater than among any other people in the world, and to us there was nothing in this contract to cause dissatisfaction, but the fact by all the world was taken as conclusive proof of inefficiency. We know that equality could ultimately be restored by an equality of labour, but the fact that interests are already established at the North gives them a present advantage in the race. If solicitous for free white labour, it would naturally hesitate to come in competition with our slaves, but it would the less incline to come that there were no enterprises in existence to attract it. These were at the North, and to the North was drawn still other labour to their further progress. To stem the current of opinion, therefore, as well as to turn the tide of improvement, and give to ourselves the comforts of progress, and the confidence of the world, there was the necessity for labour, and as this labour could never come from Europe, *we were turned again to Africa, and the minds of men were further forced to vibrate between the alternatives of perpetual dependence or the slave trade.*

And there was still another step. Men have been forced to realize that whites and slaves have been brought together here in unequal and unnatural proportions. A slave society properly constituted will have neither race in excess; and if left free to *form*, there is little doubt but that the races would come together in natural proportions. There would be slaves enough for labour, and whites enough for direction, and the case would be exceptional in which the white man would labour in competition with the slave or the slave direct except in subordination to the white man. But, as already maintained, they have not been free to form. While slaves from abroad have been kept out, whites from abroad have been forced in, and, filling the rounds of employment open from the humblest labour to the highest offices of direction, *they have been in the way of putting slavery out.* That slaves, if free to come, would have been competent to every emergency of labour, there can be little doubt; but, not being free to come, they have been too much extended; they have left interstices into which free labour, by the necessities of the case, has been forced, and the institution has lost much of its integrity. While the South becomes strengthened, there is no increase of strength to this peculiar feature of our society; *free labour, in competition with slave labour, is necessarily conservative of its own peculiar interests, and it has seemed possible, therefore, that the fortunes of our institution may be determined by a class who have no direct and legitimate connection with it.* Already, in some sections of the country, it has become more popular to talk of whipping the North than advancing slavery; all have common cause in the one, but all seem not to have perception of a common cause in the other; and while the interests of the country sustain the South, and point to a magnificent career of national prosperity out of the Union, if not in it, they do not point to the integrity and advancement of our own peculiar form of society. To obviate the evils of this unnatural condition has become an object of very serious interest, but it can only be accomplished *by an increase of slaves.* With this every interest would be harmonized; there is no white man who would not engraft his work upon the labour of the slave, if the slave could be had so cheap as to allow him to do so to advantage; but without this, the evil must increase, and those who believe in slavery—who have confidence in its efficiency and order, and would preserve and perpetuate it to the great objects of its achievement—are constrained to look for the remedy which the condition indicates, and these again are forced to vibrate between the alternatives of social disintegration or the slave trade.

At every step of reaction, therefore, we have been met by difficulties which only find solution in the measure we propose. *To preserve equality in point of States; to recover equality in representation; to have any share, in fact, in Federal Legislation; to demonstrate the efficiency of our institution and turn the tide of commercial power from the North, and even to preserve the integrity of our own peculiar system of society, there has seemed to be the necessity for opening up again the stream of our foreign labour.* As with every other stream, the channel points us to its source; the reception of so much has fixed us in the condition of receiving more. If our society is to flow in a perennial current on through human history, we cannot cut it off now from its antecedents. To do so would occasion the danger of leaving it a stagnant and unprofitable pool among other living waters. We cannot preserve the peculiar nature of our society by taking its supply from other sources; and, as we would not have its nature changed, as we believe these streams of races were intended to commingle, that the union in unequal plains is right and natural, and approved by Heaven and consecrated to great social ends, we should hold them open to commingle still, and, *forsaking all other forms of social union, would still cling to this.*

Such are the considerations that have affected public opinion since the publication of our earlier articles upon the subject, and the change has been great. Many journals approach the question now with confidence and ability; men speak of it familiarly as they speak of every other political question; and as the discussion of the subject has become legitimated, and as the proposition has been met by many arguments, we will claim the indulgence of our readers while, at another time, we give to these a brief consideration.

SLAVERY ESSENTIAL TO REPUBLICANISM.

From The New Orleans Delta.

SLAVERY is national and not sectional. It was coëval with the Union, and existed of law as well as fact in the colonial days which preceded the Revolution. It was introduced originally with the sanction and through the exertion of the mother country, was received into all the Colonies, and was an institution in every State at the period of the formation of the present Constitution. Not only this—every one of the original thirteen States solemnly recognised it, as an object of national importance and having a national existence, by ratifying the Constitution which covered it by an express guarantee in favour of the slaveholder.

Such briefly are the true origin and political nature of an institution, now territorially peculiar to the South, which is denounced and assailed as sectional by one-half of the Union, and is declared to be hostile to the principles on which the Constitution is founded, a blot upon the national escutcheon, and a sin before God and man. But it is not with the rampancy of foaming fanaticism or the shallow sophistries of hypocritical philanthropy we have here to do.

We have a proposition to lay down that may appear startling to many, because it is new, but will have weight and consideration with the thinking, inasmuch as it is based on both philosophy and experience. We, therefore, declare that slavery is not only national, of origin and of right, but it is essential to republican nationality. But for slavery, republicanism would have long since become a tale in these United States.

But for the stern and unflinching vindication of the rights of white men by the independent citizens of the slaveholding States, whom power could not intimidate, capital buy, or monopoly crush, this Confederacy would have long since been merged into a central despotism, as cruel and relentless as any that ever oppressed and impoverished a people. The bank monopoly on the one hand and the manufacturing monopoly on the other, combining with the large monarchical element which, it is useless to deny, has always existed in the country, would have been able to effect this, but for the steady, manly opposition of the Southern people, and the masterly exertions of their statesmen to frustrate the designs of that "Holy Alliance" against the rights and liberties of white men.

It was in slavery that the conservative element of republicanism was found, to overcome this reactionary movement towards the annihilation of individual dignity and liberty, as well as State sovereignty, and the subjugation of the country to moneyed monopolies and a central power. It is amongst the slaveholding population that republicanism has had its true home and only defence. It is they who have made the Union what it is commercially and politically. It is only they who can hereafter maintain a safe and honourable Union and enjoy rational liberty.

History is instructive; heed its teachings; they are invariable and unerring. It tells us that a great republic never existed without slavery. It tells us that where partial and defined slavery did not exist of law, that the mass of the working people have been slaves and worse than slaves. It tells us that wherever universal freedom has nominally existed, poverty, want and possible famine, and humiliating dependency of the poor upon the rich, have been the price of painted delusion; and the remedy, invariably the same, revolution and carnage, until nations have been almost drowned in their own blood.

Slavery was an institution in all the ancient republics, but in two we have eminent examples. In Rome, the mightiest in arms, and Athens, the most glorious in art of all the old republics, slavery prevailed to a greater extent than in any State of the Union. In Athens the proportion of slaves to free men was about two to one—in Rome scarcely less: and yet, with this institution imbedded in their very hearts, they lived and flourished, century after century, and reached a magnificence and a grandeur of which the history of modern free society affords no example.

Modern free society, as at present organized, is radically wrong and rotten. It is self-destroying, and can never exist happily and normally, until it is qualified by the introduction of some principle equivalent in effect to the institution of slavery. We do not mean that the whites, or the labouring portion of them, should hold the relation of slaves. Far from it; we would have them liberated from the real bondage, poverty and want, to which free society exposes them. They are liable to be dependent without the hope of relief; the capital their labour creates affords them in return no guarantee against want when their labour is no longer demanded. They have the right to labour and pocket their wages, if they can get any; if not, then they have the glorious right to starve at their own expense and on their own responsibility—a privilege which the poor African slave cannot enjoy!

In the Northern States free society has proved a failure. It is rotten to the core. It would have destroyed itself ere this but that its disease has had an outward manifestation, and its feverish and desperate energies have been directed in demoniac enmity and warfare against the South. Let the demonism which its putrescence has engendered succeed, and society, with its most sacred sanctions and its holiest institutions, will fall before it, both in the North and in the South, and the country must become the seat of howling anarchy or iron despotism.

Negro slavery then is the conservative element of republicanism, and the firmest basis of society in these United States. This truth the thinking men of the North recognise at this moment. They begin to see that the knell of the Union and of national republicanism was sounded when bad, or ambitious, or bigoted men in the North declared slavery to be sectional and not national, and weak men and selfish politicians in the South, anxious to preserve a Northern connection at any price to the South and the country, bowed to the sentence and only craved for mercy.

Such being the social and political value of slavery, its diffusion and extension are of the first importance, and nothing, at the present time, should more nearly interest the wise philanthropist and the patriotic statesman than to devise measures to effect these objects—to restore slavery to its original character, and make it an object of political solicitude. We cannot avoid looking with jealousy and suspicion upon any political combination in the South which does not flatly commit itself to these views, albeit no less a personage than Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, gave his solemn sanction to their negation.

We have heretofore pointed to the measure of negro exemption as one highly favourable to the objects just named, to wit: the diffusion and extension of slavery, and the consequent consolidation of the slave-owning interest. One other measure we are in favour of, though we fear its announcement may throw some of the "ancient fogie men" into almost epileptic consternation. Nevertheless, we shall announce it, and here declare that we not only desire to make territories now free, slave territories, and so acquire new territory into which to extend slavery—such as Cuba, North-eastern Mexico, &c.—but we would reopen the African slave trade, that every white man might have a chance to make himself owner of one or more negroes, and go with them and his household gods whenever opportunity beckoned to enterprise.

But the North would never consent to this; they would dissolve the Union rather than grant it, say the croaking impracticables. Gentlemen, you do not know the North, oracular as you look when dubiously shaking your heads. It would not oppose any more bitterly a large demand like this, boldly made, than the smallest one faintly and politely urged. Try it. There is nothing to lose by the experiment. At all events, if the attempt to reopen the trade should fail, it would give one more proof of how injurious our connection with the North has been to us, and would indicate one more signal advantage which a Southern Confederacy would have over the present heterogeneous association called the Union.

SPANISH AMERICA AND SLAVERY.

From The New Orleans Daily Delta.

THE rapid decadence of nearly the whole of Spanish America, during the last three decenniums of the present century, has been a puzzle to statesmen, historians and philosophers. Some have attributed it to one cause, some to another cause, and some to the compound influence of coöperating causes. One has declared that it had its source in the corrupting influence of the native gold and silver; another that it was due to the general degeneracy of the Spanish race; a third, perhaps, has ascribed it to the political anarchy in which the various Spanish-American States have been plunged since they threw off the yoke of old Spain; and still a fourth, probably, to all of these combined. But all have left out of the argument the most potential of all the facts in the history of those countries—which was the abolition of slavery contemporaneously with the achievement of their independence, and the attempt to elevate the native Indians and the negroes, mulattoes, mestizoes, &c., of all shades of colour, and of every degree of civilization, or rather barbarism, to perfect political and social equality with the population of pure Caucasian origin.

This was a fatal error. Instead of improving the inferior class, it only tended to degrade the superior, deteriorate and waste it by amalgamation, and inutilize both. Agriculture was blighted, the useful as well as elegant arts ceased to be cultivated, the masses were soon immersed in hopeless ignorance and superstition; and this day, outside of Brazil and Cuba, and excepting the few inhabitants of pure Caucasian blood, there is scarcely a Spanish-American people which is more advanced than the subjects of the Montezumas and the Incas were over three centuries ago. The countries they inhabit must be reconquered or recolonized to be brought again under the dominion of civilization and made to subserve the uses of agriculture and commerce. New Cortezes and Pizarros—the Vikings and empire-builders of the modern world—may there find open and ample fields for their enterprise, prowess and statesmanship. New blood, new ideas and new aims are wanted to reclaim them from the savagery of man, and a new system of slavery is demanded to rescue them from the conquering wildness of nature. Reforming politics alone will not do; revolution may follow revolution; and still, so long as there is no solid basis of labour, so long as the agricultural and industrial arts are paralyzed, government will pass through successful stages of anarchy until it reaches a state of political nihility. In illustration of this, let the history of any of the pseudo-republics to which we allude be traced—especially the history of Mexico during the last quarter of a century. Their decadence dates, as we have seen, from the abolition of slavery, and their regeneration can only be effectually and permanently effected by its restoration. They can only recover from the monopolism which now darkens and depresses them through Caucasian immigration, and nothing but slave labour can ever reduce the infertile soils and luxuriant wilds to a systematic and profitable agriculture.

We have more than once referred to the necessity of introducing slavery into Nicaragua as the only means by which Walker and his followers could consolidate and perpetuate their new Republic, because, from the nature of its climate and products, the Anglo-American settlers were unable to cultivate the soil profitably themselves, and the native mongrel inhabitants were almost totally worthless and inefficient as free labourers. We also alluded to significant assurances we had received from authorized sources, that Walker designed, as soon as he could prudently do so, to publicly legalize slavery within his dominions, and invite slaveholders to emigrate thither with their slaves. We knew some weeks since that a decree to this effect had been drawn up, and we now learn that it has been promulgated. We confidently pronounce it the wisest, most prescient and statesmanlike act of his administration. It is the one thing needful. Without it, vain would have been his conquest, vain his invincible army, vain his reconstruction of government and reformation of commerce; without an efficient labour system as a basis, all must, sooner or later, have faded away, like the unsubstantial fabric of a vision. Numbers of slaveholders have already written to us to know if they could safely take their slaves into Nicaragua to cultivate sugar, coffee, rice, indigo, or chocolate plantations, as the case might be. We have always assured our correspondents that though slaves were not recognised by law in Nicaragua, we had no doubt they would be secured to their owners during Walker's administration, and that ultimately slavery would have an established existence there of law as well as fact. They will now find that our confidence in Walker's sagacity and statesmanship was not misplaced. He did not fail to see the necessity which we early pointed out, and, like a bold statesman, he now responds to its demands.

There is another step further along, however, more difficult, it may be, but scarcely less important, as a prime auxiliary in making the first effective—that is, opening Nicaragua to the African slave trade. We have not time here to elaborate, but a glance at the statistics of slavery will show the great importance of the measure. Labour is in too great demand in our Southern States to allow many to be withdrawn for Nicaragua; the cooly trade, devised by British policy and carried on by Boston philanthropists, is too hypocritical, too treacherous and inhuman for the civilizers of Central America to think of for a moment; and therefore the African slave trade and African slavery, conducted on humane principles and regulated by law, must have the preference over every other form of compulsory labour.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

FROM the days of Wilberforce to those of Garrison, abolition has impressed itself on modern civilization and to a greater or less extent has directed and controlled human progress. It is time to look around and calculate what of good and what of evil it has effected; time to test its worth by the experience of its operations, its fruits, and its prospects.

Its first great and seemingly praiseworthy object and achievement was the abolition of the African slave trade in Europe and America. It was wonderfully successful, in procuring laws to punish this trade as piracy, *in taking it out of the hands of honest, law-abiding men, who carried it on under the regulations of law, and with an approach to humanity.* The law required them to fit out their slavers so as to secure some degree of comfort to the captured Africans, and self-interest induced them to heed the law, and preserve the lives and health of their slaves, in order to swell the profits of their trade. But, despite the laws prohibiting the traffic, the trade continued to be carried on as actively as ever. It was merely transferred from the hands of honest men to those of dishonest, reckless, cruel and unprincipled men. The penalty of death for the prosecution of the trade induced the fitting out of slavers, with little attention to provision or comfort, in order to escape suspicion and detection, and occasioned the most cruel, hasty and reckless mode of conducting the trade. Wilberforce and his compeers found the slave trade in the hands of selfish, rapacious and unfeeling men. They transferred it to the hands of wicked, unprincipled, cruel, human monsters. They found it an inhuman trade, and made it a diabolical one. It was, however, a natural operation, that has proceeded, steadily and with trifling interruption, from the days of Joseph and his brethren to the present hour. Had they been wise, prudent, and practical men, sound philosophers and statesmen, *they would have thrown more of legal regulation around this trade, not have attempted to "expel nature" by arresting it.*

This was the first great exploit of "rose-water philanthropy." It preached a visionary and impracticable humanity, and forged chains, and begat crime, and groans, and tears and blood.

Its next darling object was to emancipate the slaves of America. In this, also, it was wonderfully successful. It stirred up servile insurrection in St. Domingo, occasioned the massacre of thousands of the whites, and of tens of thousands of the blacks, yet it achieved the liberation of the negroes. Gradually this once most fruitful island in the West Indies has, under negro administration, become barren, and the liberated negroes idle, wandering pagans and savages. They have lost much in losing their masters; and the civilized world more in the sugar, coffee and other crops, which they produced when governed by those masters.

England followed suit to France, with like results. Now, most of the negroes of the West Indies are liberated—have ceased to work and become savages. So, also, in Mexico and throughout South America, except Brazil, the slaves have been emancipated—and their late owners are impoverished and degraded. In the meantime, the demand for tropical fruits, and the peculiar products of slave labour, rapidly increased in Europe. Sugar and coffee, and a large supply of cotton clothing, became, even with the poor, necessities of life. *But the number of the poor whites was increasing, and their wages consequently diminishing.* As these slave products became dearer, the poor whites had to labour harder and longer to obtain them; and destitution, famine and starvation were daily occurrences. The Abolitionists had imposed on the whites the shackles which they removed from the blacks.

Practical, selfish, money-loving men took advantage of this—carried on the old African slave trade more actively than ever, and added to it the far more cruel African and Chinese Cooly apprentice trade. Now the Abolitionists have succeeded in doubling the slave trade in amount, and quadrupling it in cruelty; and, besides, have robbed the poor white man of his luxuries, comforts and necessaries, forced him to labour fourteen hours a day, and consigned his tender wife and infant children to labour almost equally hard; made him riotous, discontented, rebellious and revolutionary, and left him no hope of the future, except in the overthrow of all government, of all property, and of all social and religious institutions.

In our America, these Abolitionists have sown the seeds of discord between North and South, which had like to have grown up and ripened into disunion and civil, fratricidal war. They have achieved multifarious and infinite evil, but not one single good. They have brought forth a multitude of hideous, unsubstantial isms, but no sound fruit. They have unsettled men's minds, men's faith, men's convictions. Where their doctrines prevail, there is no healthy public opinion to restrain licentiousness of speech and of the press, and the still greater licentiousness of the pulpit. There are no established truths, no fixed faith in morals, law, religion or government. Free niggers, free women, free land, free love and Fremont; no private property, no marriage, no churches, no religion, no law, and no government are the spectral brood with which abolition would furnish the new world which it attempts to inaugurate.

This is a hasty and most important sketch of the exploits of abolition—mere suggestions, which the reader may find useful in investigating its past history and present purposes.

But the world is getting sick of it, and all the signs of the times indicate that it will soon be repudiated and banished from society.

SLAVERY THE STRONGEST BOND OF UNION.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

OUR Union would not have lasted twenty years, *but for Southern slavery.* The North has ever been dependent on the South, and other slaveholding countries, for cotton, rice, sugar, wheat, corn, coffee, tobacco, and a hundred other necessary agricultural products. The South, from the character of her soil, her climate and her labour, has found it (and will ever find it) to her advantage, if the North will be just to her, to buy manufactured articles and foreign merchandise from the North, and to employ Northern shipping.

England avoids war with us, avowedly, because she cannot dispense with the products of our slave labour. Our North is dependent on us as England is, and in a hundred ways in which England is not. Unless she should come under the rule of the mad, senseless and desperate mob, there is no danger of disunion. She and England are as much slaveholders, so far as profit or convenience is concerned, as we. They live chiefly from the products of slave labour, without having the trouble and responsibility of managing and taking care of the negroes. All sensible men at the North understand this.

But we write for the especial benefit of the croaking old fogies of the South, who see in slavery only an apple of discord.

Without slavery there would be no mutuality of interest, no dependence between North and South.

Slavery, and nothing but slavery, has preserved our Union so far, or can preserve it hereafter.

Without this institution, there would be no good reason for keeping together a Confederation so inconveniently large.

Selections.

NEGROES AND RELIGION.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT THE SOUTH.

MEMORIAL.

To the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

RIGHT REVEREND AND REVEREND FATHERS AND BRETHREN: We pray leave to address you on a subject of the profoundest interest to our beloved Church, and particularly to her Southern Dioceses.

The inscrutable decrees of Providence have committed to us the charge in things spiritual as well as temporal of the coloured biped mammalia, now several millions in number, who are domiciled among us. You know with what pious vigilance and devout fidelity our Zion has cherished and protected these black and yellow lambs of the flock, striving ever to keep them from going astray and to make them daily more abundant in good works. We have indeed laboured without ceasing, and not wholly in vain, to make those thus entrusted to our Christian rule good and faithful servants; sparing no means that could promote this our godly endeavour. To keep them unspotted from an unbelieving world, we have denied ourselves the happiness of sharing with them our stores of profane knowledge, and have made it a felony to teach them to read. That they might not be hindered in running the race that is set before them, we have forbidden them to cumber themselves with worldly goods, and to retain even the fruits of their daily labour, and we have ourselves borne the added burden without complaining. The task of mortifying the flesh and bringing it into subjection, which even the great apostle of the Gentiles was compelled to perform for himself, we have taken off their hands and performed for them. That they might learn not to set their hearts on things of this world (which passeth away like a shadow), we have ordained that their domestic ties should be transient, and that they, with or without their wives and children, be kept in free circulation as the basis of trade. And we have laboured generally, in the spirit of Christian love, to assimilate them to that order of created beings which is commended in Holy Writ as superior even to the favoured people of old, for that "it knoweth its master."

And thus we may say, without boasting, that the Christian graces of humility, long-suffering, and submission to wrong (so difficult of attainment) are nowhere manifested on a larger scale than by this generation, though by nature stiff-necked and untractable. And it is indeed a blessed thought that these biped millions, who might at this day have been herding with their families about them, in contented degradation,

> "Where Afric's sunny fountains
> Roll down their golden sands,"*

and bowing down before Mumbo-Jumbo, or Baal, or that hideous idol Boo-Ghoo-Boo, now sit where the light of Evangelical truth and Apostolical order shines on those who own them, and where they daily learn that all help in adversity comes from God alone, and not from man.

But to make the system of the Church more self-consistent and harmonious, and to adapt her ministrations to these tender lambs of her flock and to Southern Churchmen, we hold certain changes in her liturgy and discipline to be indispensable.

Our attention to this subject has been specially awakened by the introduction, during your present session at Philadelphia, of a "Canon" absurdly miscalled "of Discipline," so ignorantly and mischievously framed (we would fain believe without actual malignity of purpose) that, under its proposed provisions, a dozen or more mulatto (not to say negro) communicants, if unfortunately eye-witnesses of the commission of a crime by a deacon or presbyter, might actually have been admitted to testify to the fact, and thus to subvert the whole social and political fabric of Virginia or South Carolina. Though this insane and unchristian novelty (which disturbed our peace) was promptly rejected by a unanimous Southern vote, the mere fact that it was put forward is enough to suggest gloomy forebodings and entitles us to demand of the Church securities for the future, and such changes in Ritual and Order as shall suit both to Southern institutions. Can it be doubted that communicants not credible under oath require a special Liturgy?

It is to be observed that the *whole* Prayer-book is intended for homogeneous congregations of responsible beings capable of forming domestic ties and enjoying personal rights. It is, therefore, as a whole, unfit for congregations where the front pews *own* the free sittings—assemblages composed in varying proportions of two classes of Christians, one of which bought the other yesterday, and may sell it to-morrow.

But, waiving this for the present, certain prominent details require immediate change.

For example, the promise and vow of the marriage service: "I, M., take thee, N., to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold * * *till death doth us part*," is a mockery when uttered by one of this beloved but subordinated race. We cannot bear thus to put unreal words into the mouths of those so dear to us. It should be amended to read: "till death, or my owner, his executors, administrators or assignees do us part." So, too, the demand: "Wilt thou, ——, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live?" and the answer, "I will," should be improved by adding to the words "I will" some form of *protestando* reserving the legal rights of the owner, present or future, of either party, with which the voice of the Church expressed in the present service seems to conflict. This apparent conflict is still more painfully conspicuous where the officiating clergyman is required to say: "Those whom God hath joined together *let no man put asunder.*" Volumes of fanaticism and unbelief are latent in these few words. Where the officiating clergyman himself owns either the bride or bridegroom, this declaration might be construed (most unreasonably, but with some plausibility) as in some sense estopping him from any future exercise of his rights as a Christian and a patriarch, even at considerable pecuniary loss. In every case he is thus made the mouthpiece of a revolutionary doctrine that blasphemes the rights of property and distinctly implies the existence of that Anti-Christian fiction, a "Higher Law." Such profane utterances may suit the atmosphere of other communities, rank with Fourierisms and Freeloveisms, and every social corruption. But no Church that openly proclaims them can flourish within *our* borders.

Another remedy is submitted which may allow of our leaving this service (so touching and beautiful when used in its proper place) unchanged for the present. Since the Church hath inherent power to loose as well as to bind, your Honourable Body may, in its wisdom, create and establish a fourth subordinate order of the Ministry, specially to exercise the function of loosing, and to administer the Rite of Divorce from time to time with due solemnity to coloured couples who have been married in the usual form. This fourth order might be styled that of sub-Deacon, Acolyte, Exorcist, *Hastiarius*, or simply *Auctioneer.* Any person experienced in the duties of that useful calling, and "apt and meet for his smartness and godly conversation to exercise that ministry duly for the edifying of the Church," should be ordained by the Bishop for this particular office, to which other minor duties might judiciously be added. For these, useful hints may lawfully be borrowed from the experience of another and ancient branch of the Church; and we refer to the "Discipline of the Order of Flagellants" (*Disciplina et Regula Ordinis Flagellantium, &to., Rome*, 1567) as embodying practical suggestions of much value. A suitable "Form of ordaining Auctioneers" should stand in the Prayer-book immediately after that for ordaining Deacons. A tasteful symbolism would dictate the presentation of a hammer to the candidate by the Bishop (as the New Testament is delivered to the newly ordained Deacon), with the solemn words, "Take thou authority to divorce coloured persons in the Church at public or private sale, for cash or on credit, and also to knock them down if thou be thereto licensed by the Bishop himself." There should be also an appropriate and very brief service introductory to such sales, concluding with a suitable exhortation to the parties.

The rite of Confirmation, or laying on of hands, also needs regulating. For the avoiding of scandal, persons of the African denomination must be sternly repelled from that ordinance. The peace of Jerusalem may be disturbed if Episcopal hands are still to be brought into physical contact with the heads of these dear children of the Church, except in the way of paternal chastisement. Whatever benefit these black but precious vessels may derive from Confirmation would be far outweighed by the damage the Church would sustain if a chivalric and impulsive public should visit one of her chief ministers with the indignity of tar and feathers for demeaning himself to administer it.

The Litany, too, contains phrases that tend to mischief—the prayers, for instance, to be delivered "from hardness of heart and contempt of Thy Word and commandments," and that "all Christian rulers and magistrates may have grace to execute justice and maintain truth." Properly understood, these are, of course, prayers that we may not fall into the delusion of imagining ourselves bound to mitigate the severity and brutality (falsely so called) of our eminently humane and evangelical "Slave Code," and that the civil authority may be strengthened to maintain and develope it to the end of time. But these supplications have been known to stir up distressing doubts and misgivings in diseased and over-sensitive consciences. The prayer for "all who are desolate and oppressed" is so manifestly liable to perilous misconstruction that its use can no longer be tolerated.

The service for the burial of the dead needs comparatively little change to adapt it to Southern institutions. But in the passage "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of the world the soul of *our deceased brother*," &c., the last-quoted three words are unmeaning, offensive to our instincts, and in conflict with the great fundamental ideas of our social system. "This deceased biped," or "this defunct individual black man," or words to that effect, should be substituted. In the solemn offices of religion, aught *unreal* should be studiously avoided.

There are radical defects in the "Prayer for a sick person," and the "Office for the visitation of the sick." Both are inapplicable to the case of sickness occurring among these coloured objects of our love. Both assume that the patient, and not the proprietor of the patient, is the person chiefly interested in the patient's recovery. The Church's intercession is for the former alone. She turns coldly away from the sorrow and trial of the owner, without a single prayer that he be spared the loss or enabled to bear it with resignation—though it may reduce him from the estate of a gentleman, by compelling him to labour for his own subsistence? Should this be so?

Fearing to weary you by pointing out specifically all the additions and changes which the Prayer-book requires, we pause here, only hinting at a few further questions too important to be overlooked.

Should not provision be made (according to the ingenious suggestions of a distinguished Northern Churchman), in cases where a parish church needs repair or enlargement, for raising the necessary funds by the sale of a sufficient number of coloured communicants?

Should not the want (at present so deeply felt) of Collects against Peace, for Dis-unity and against the inroads of education and intelligence, be at once supplied?

Can the present mode of collecting alms at the Offertory be so improved as to enable charitable Christians, anxious to give abundant alms of their substance, but temporarily deficient in the circulating medium, to slip a coloured person or persons into the alms-dish, without unseemly noise and confusion?

Should not a commination service, like that of the Anglican Church, or a form of cursing and excommunication, like the austere and beautiful composition attributed to Ernulphus, be inserted into the Prayer-book, for the warning and intimidation of black Christians who may be tempted by Satan to think of unlawful emigration toward the ungenial regions of the North?

In view of the vast distinction between ourselves and the class in question, from which we have abstracted all the attributes of humanity which can be affected by human legislation, is it not meet and right that a change be made in our present Communion Service? The Roman Church administers that sacrament to the laity in one kind only. Would it not be consistent with the true spirit of our institutions to administer the same to coloured communicants in *neither* kind only?

We submit these grave points for your deliberation, and ask for such prompt action upon them as may preserve the peace of the Church, and vindicate the rights of Southern gentlemen and Christians.

And your memorialists will ever pray, &c.

Charleston, S. C., Oct. 1, 1856.

* Wm. Gilmore Sims. [!?]

INSIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY.

From The New York Evangelist.

A FEW weeks since, in an editorial review of Mrs. Stowe's new Anti-Slavery Novel, we chanced to remark: "The fault we find with the work is not so much that a large section of the Church of Christ is caricatured and misrepresented by a singular perversion of facts as that art has been sacrificed to passion, and that the prerogative of the poet has been made secondary to the zeal of the partisan." Whereupon the *Journal of Commerce* copied out this passage, detached from its connection, and appended to it the solemn exclamation: "The 'caricature of a large section of the Church of Christ' is of small moment, it seems, in comparison with sacrificing art to passion!" The week after, the *Observer*, as in duty bound, echoed the cry. These journals must be hard pressed for something to find fault with, when a single sentence in a critical notice of a book is thus caught up, and trumpeted abroad. In reading "Dred," the first thought of everybody was to compare it with the other work of Mrs. Stowe, which had made such a noise in the world. Everybody asked, "Is it superior, or is it a falling off, from the former production?" To answer that question, we entered more than we are wont to do into an analysis of its construction as a work of art, and pointed out what we thought a great literary blemish. Whether its pictures of slavery were true or false, was quite another matter, and we did not care to enter into a long debate of a question which has been argued a thousand times. We thought the writer dealt hardly with our Presbyterian ministers; we recognised the injustice of stigmatizing a whole body of men for the sins of a part; but we did not think it very dignified or in good taste to take the matter in dudgeon, or to show great resentment to a woman. We therefore contented ourselves with saying that it was an exaggeration and a caricature!

But the offending sentence was copied into other papers, and now, behold! comes a letter from New Orleans, commenting on the above, and saying that, so far from being a caricature, Mrs. Stowe's representations are true! This is a new view of the matter. We do not endorse all the writer says. We think he applies to a class what is true of only a few. But as we like to hear all sides of a question, we give his letter. It is the testimony of a Southern man, and may pass for what it is worth. After quoting the above passage from the *Evangelist*, which he had cut from one of the New Orleans city papers, the writer says:

"GENTLEMEN: Mrs. Stowe's 'Dred' *is a picture to life* of a 'large section of the Church of Christ,' as I have observed it during a residence of fourteen years in the South. I do not wonder that you think it must be a 'caricature' and a 'misrepresentation.'

"My first experience in this matter can never be forgotten. To avoid the yellow fever, in my first Summer at the South, I went into the country to board a few months. I resided in a village about eighty miles from New Orleans, with a man who kept the public house of the place. He was a member of the Baptist Church; a prominent member. He owned one slave—a boy about twenty years of age. This boy was his only servant, cook, washer, gardener—'do all,' in fact. The mother and three daughters did nothing but dress, eat and rock in their chairs; work in the kitchen or elsewhere they considered a disgrace. So John did all that was done. He was driven till midnight and driven up before day, with incessant loud words (I do not say curses, though they sounded like it) and many blows; each one of the family being at him in turn, and sometimes all together. I know something of what work is, and I know it was physically impossible for any one person to do the work he was required to perform. The landlord was scrupulously punctual in daily family worship, and always asked a blessing at meals. Many a time did he come in from caning John and sit right down to the table, and, raising both hands, as usual, coolly and calmly ask a blessing over the table spread

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856.

catch the same inspiration, until at one time I counted seven jumping all at the same time, in different parts of the room, shouting from the top of their voices, "glor' to Jesus, war gwain to Canian."

Next rose a woman, a mulatto of some thirty years old. She thanked God that religion was no "cunin' vised fable, but a reality dat tase good all de time, eberywhar, not case in lub-feas, in class meetin', but in house, when no meetin' keep, in de street, and eberywhar. Five years ago," continued she, "ole missus said to me, 'Ann, don't you neber think nothin' 'bout religion an' heaben'? I sais, no, missus, not much. 'Warle,' sais missus, 'you'd better go to church and learn to be a Chrisan.' Warle, I said, missus, I will go up to the meetin' nex' time meetin's in. So I went to meetin' nex' Sunday night, 'hich was watch-meetin' night, an sur nuf, when I went in, thar was great many peoples round to de altar for religion, so I went to de altar for religion too, and that's commencement of my Canian journey to de oder side ob Jordin."

Now a poor coloured invalid is up, who trembles in every limb, like one shaken of a palsy; perhaps an old discarded slave, shifted off to die, because of no further use to his master. I saw him, next day, begging in the public streets. Said the poor old worn-out slave, "I's glad for 'nother worl' to come, cos sick here, tired, lame, hungry, and no res' for poor sinners like we. Thar's nobody sick nor lame thar; thar's no rice fiel' nor cotton fiel' to pick thar, but de sweet Canian lan', whar boney flo' grow, and milk, wid eberyl'ing good for chillen of de kingom ob God." He sat down. Then they struck in one of their negro melodies, which nearly brought me to my feet:

"Oh Canian, sweet Canian,
I am bound for the land of Canian."

And nearly a dozen rose at once, commenced jumping, and prancing round the floor, setting the dust in motion, causing the writer to almost lose his gravity.

Now, these performances, as ludicrous as they may appear to many of us, are of immense importance to slaveholders, in keeping these chattel goods in proper subjection. And poor, stupid, dwarfed souls, I feel to cherish for them a great amount of sympathy, and would, at the same time, award to them sincerity and devotion, fully up to the measure of their knowledge. But, oh! these slaveholding ministers, deacons, leaders, churches and people, what will become of them in the great and coming day? ARGUS.

SENATOR SUMNER'S RECEPTION IN BOSTON.

IMMENSE OUTPOURING OF THE PEOPLE.

ADDRESSES OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR GARDNER AND HON. JOSIAH QUINCY—MR. SUMNER'S RESPONSES.

Special Despatch to The New York Daily Times.

BOSTON, Monday, Nov. 3, 1856.

THIS day CHARLES SUMNER, despite the wishes of his physician and the entreaties of his friends, abandoned the retreat to which his exhausting illness had rendered his removal necessary, and returned to Boston for the purpose of casting his vote, on Tuesday morning, for Freedom and Fremont.

As soon as his friends (the people, I should rather say, for in this case they are convertible terms) became aware of his purpose, they determined on celebrating his arrival in as worthy a manner as their sympathies, their respect and their patriotism could suggest.

As one of the most important features of such a demonstration, therefore, they resolved on having a grand banquet, at which Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sen., should preside, and Mr. Sumner have an opportunity of personally addressing his constituents on the all-absorbing and momentous questions which, *pro tempore* at least, the election to-morrow will decide.

It was subsequently ascertained, however, that Mr. Sumner's health was still so weak and precarious that the task of making a speech, even if its accomplishment were not physically impossible, would inevitably be followed by consequences alike disastrous to him both in mind and body.

It was accordingly announced on Saturday morning that the project of a banquet had been abandoned for the present, though the arrangements for his public reception were still left undisturbed.

In conformity with those arrangements, Mr. Sumner was publicly welcomed home by the citizens of Boston and its neighbourhood this afternoon.

Any attempt of mine to convey by words an adequate idea of the scene would be sheer presumptiveness. It were no difficult task to make a statistical estimate of the number of horses, of carriages and of men that were present; to describe the flags and decorations; to give the order of procession in detail, and to record the places through which it passed; but the mad enthusiasm, the exultant joy, the wild delight, the emotions of pride, of patriotism and of pity with which the contemplation of the scene swelled every heart and dimned every eye; the overwhelming moral grandeur of the whole display—these simply put all description at defiance.

Astronomers, in their endeavours to represent to the mind the vast distance from the earth of the remoter heavenly bodies, are obliged to employ units of comparison excessively greater than those in common use, and so it should be in speaking of the accumulation of multitudes that came out to welcome Mr. Sumner. Instead of comparing it by numbers, we should speak of it by acres.

I have seen many popular displays in my time, but never one fit to be compared with that I witnessed to-day. From every village and township in the neighbourhood came delegations of citizens, so immense that hardly a man could have been left behind.

The horsemen and the footmen are pouring amain,
From many a stately market-place, from many a fruitful plain,
From many a lovely hamlet, which, hined by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest of purple Appenine.
And now hath every city sent up her tale of men—
The men are fourscore thousand—the horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium is met the great array,
A proud man was Lans Porsena upon the trysting day.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the gentlemen to whom special invitations had been sent to take part in the welcome to Mr. Sumner met in the Library Room of the State House. Among them I observed the following: Hon. C. F. Adams, Hon. G. R. Russell, Hon. Chas. T. Loring, Hon. S. G. Palfrey, Hon. E. C. Baker, Hon. Isaac Livermore, James Russell Lowell, N. J. Bowditch, Abbott Lawrence, Geo. Sumner, Jas. Lawrence, P. T. Jackson, Thos. Lamb, E. P. Whipple, Dr. Perry, Prof. Lovering, and numerous others, representing both the wealth and intelligence of Boston. These, under charge of the Committee of Arrangements, were conveyed in carriages to Brookline.

The procession halted on the road, near Mr. Lawrence's house, whilst the gentlemen composing the Committee of Reception drove up, receiving Mr. Sumner in one of the carriages, and returned, passing the line of vehicles which had previously been drawn up on the road, and taking the lead of the procession.

Mr. Sumner was saluted, as he was borne past, by every man rising, and uncovering his head in silence.

In the carriage with him were Dr. Perry, his physician, and Prof. F. D. Huntington, Chairman of the Committee. He looked pale and weary, and exhibited mournful traces of recent suffering. The precautions of his physician, in imperatively forbidding all personal congratulations, seemed absolutely necessary. It was quite evident that Mr. Sumner was utterly unequal to such exertion.

The march was resumed in the same direction, viz., through Brookline and Roxbury, and constantly received new accessions as it proceeded. All along the route masses of people had gathered, who greeted Mr. Sumner as he passed—the ladies by waving their handkerchiefs, and the men with loud huzzas.

As the Roxbury line was approached, the crowd became so dense as finally to be almost impassable.

It was here the first public reception took place. Mr. Sumner was met by Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sen., and welcomed home by him on the behalf of the citizens there assembled. When the vehement cheering, which ever and anon burst from the multitude, had at last subsided, Mr. Quincy rose to deliver his brief address.

Mr. SUMNER stood up in his place at the same time, but so weak was he that he was obliged to lean his hand on the side of the carriage for support.

Mr. QUINCY said: It is with inexpressible pleasure that I address you this day as the voice of the great multitude of your fellow-citizens. In their name and by their authority I welcome you to your home in Massachusetts, expressing their honour and thanks for the power and fidelity with which you have fulfilled your duties as their representative in the Senate of the United States (cheers)—where, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified, you kept your love, your zeal, your loyalty to liberty; where neither numbers nor example, threat nor sneer wrought to swerve you from the truth or change your constant mind (cheers). You return to your country, sir, after having given glorious evidences of the intellectual power which touched, as with the spear of Ithuriel, the evil spirit of our Union, causing it at once to develope in full proportions its gigantic deformity, compelling it to unveil to the free States its malign design to make this land of the free a land of slaves (loud cheers). You have suffered, and are still suffering, for your uninterrupted faithfulness. But suffering in the cause of truth and liberty is the Heaven-laid path to win the crown which virtue gives, after this mortal change, to her true servant (cheers).

A VOICE—"Three cheers for the champion of Freedom" (loud and prolonged cheering).

I rejoice that my life has been prolonged to this day; that I am permitted to behold the dawnings of ancient liberty through the broken openings of the clouds which, for more than fifty years, the spirit of slavery has extended over this Union (applause). I thank Heaven that now at last the free States are beginning to awaken to a sense of their danger and duties; that at length they begin to realize that the slave States have overleapt the bounds of the Constitution. The apathy of half a century may delay for a time the triumphs of Freedom. But come they will. Final success is certain. Never again will the free States in silence acquiesce in slave dominion (cries of "No, never"). Henceforth they will hear and attend to the warning voice of Washington, sublimely uttered in his farewell address, "submit not to usurpation, resist with care the spirit of invasion upon the principles of the Constitution"; and we welcome you, sir, as the champion of Freedom (cheers), and as one to whom the deliverance which we hope may yet be destined for our country will be greatly due (loud cheers).

When the assemblage observed that Mr. Sumner was about to reply, every head was uncovered by a simultaneous movement, and the silence that followed was so intense that hardly a breath could be heard.

Mr. SUMNER, in a low tone, said:

Mr. Quincy, a year has nearly run since I left Boston in the discharge of my public duties. During this period, amidst important events, I have been able to do something which my fellow-citizens and neighbours, speaking by your authoritative voice, are pleased to approve. I am happy in this approbation. Especially am I happy that it is conveyed by the eloquent words of one who, from my childhood, has been with me an object of unaffected reverence; who was the Municipal head of my native city while I was a pupil at its public schools, and who was the head of the University while I was a pupil in that ancient seat. Boston early in her history set her face against slavery. By a vote entered upon her Town Record as long ago as 1701, she called upon her Representatives to put a period to negroes being slaves. If I have done anything to deserve the greeting which you now lavish, it is because I have striven to maintain those principles which have been here declared, and to extend them to other places, stretching the venerable shelter of Faneuil Hall even over distant Kansas. You have been pleased to allude to the suffering which I have undergone. This has not been small, but it has been incurred in the performance of duty, and how small it is, sir, compared with the sufferings of our fellow-citizens in Kansas—how small is it compared with that tale of wo which is perpetually coming to us from the house of bondage. With you I hail the omens of final triumph. I ask no prophet to confirm this assurance. The future is not less secure than the past.

Washington has left the injunction which you aptly quote, "Not to submit to usurpation." If ever there was occasion to take this injunction to heart, the time is now. And there are other words of Washington which are full of inspiration for the present hour. In the early darkness of the Revolution he thus wrote:

"I see my duty—that of standing up for the liberties of my country—and whatever difficulties and discouragements lie in my way, I dare not shrink from it, and rely on that Being who has not left to us the choice of duties; and whilst I shall conscientiously discharge mine, I shall not finally lose my reward."

The rule of duty is the same for the lowly and the great, and in the communication which I addressed to the Legislature of Massachusetts accepting the trust which I now hold, I ventured to adopt the determination of Washington and to avow his confidence in both. I hope to hold fast to the end.

The carriages again fell into line and proceeded through Washington street, which is continued as a road from Boston to Roxbury, toward the city, passing the avenue of horsemen, who were closely drawn up on either side for about a mile. As soon as Mr. Sumner's carriage appeared before the horsemen at the nearest end of the line, they sent up an enthusiastic cheer, which grew fainter until at length it seemed to die away in a subdued murmur at the farther extremity. When the van of the procession reached the city, the streets, on both sides, were thronged with spectators. The doors, windows and balconies of the houses were filled, and many of the residences were elegantly draped with the national colours. On all sides the warmest enthusiasm was manifested, and cheer upon cheer rose from the multitude as the procession advanced. Arrived at the State House, Mr. Sumner was received by Governor Gardner, to whom Professor Huntington introduced him, with the following remarks:

May it please your Excellency, in behalf of the Committee of Reception I present to your Excellency the Hon. Charles Sumner, Senator of Massachusetts in the Congress of the United States. It is needless to recount here his services to our Commonwealth, to the whole Republic, to the principles of a pure and just nationality, to elegant learning and Christian statesmanship, to the liberties and the rights of man—these are all safely recorded in the imperishable history of the country and the race. How deeply they are written in the hearts of his fellow-citizens, let this vast and enthusiastic concourse bear witness. He returns to his friends; but his friends are wherever justice is revered. He returns to his neighbours; but he has a neighbour in every victim of wrong throughout the world; he returns to the State that entrusted her interests to his charge. Having proclaimed, according to the spirit of her own institutions and her people, the doctrine of the brotherhood of all the States in the bonds of universal peace, he stands at the door of her capitol and in the presence of her Chief Magistrate stands here her faithful steward, her eloquent and fearless advocate, her honoured guest and beloved son.

When the cheering which ensued had subsided, Gov. GARDNER addressed Mr. Sumner, and said:

Sir, I am admonished by the Committee of Arrangements that my words must be few and brief. This is no political ovation. The Chief Marshal of the procession announces that no political mottoes will be admitted into the ranks. By the same sense of propriety I am admonished that no political phrases are appropriate here. We hail you with warm hearts, not only as the eloquent orator, the accomplished scholar and the acknowledged statesman—not only as the earnest friend of suffering humanity, and of every good cause—not only as one who, educated in the institutions and by the altars and firesides of Massachusetts, has won for himself imperishable laurels on the arena of the nation's conflicts, but especially now do we welcome you as the successful defender of her integrity and honour (cheers).

In her name I declare that the base and cowardly blows which fell on you struck through you into her. Within the circuit of the sun's flight after I heard of that assault, before such an assemblage as rarely gathers in Faneuil Hall, I pledged Massachusetts to stand by you (loud applause). And she does stand by you to-day—she will stand by you to-morrow (enthusiastic cheers). And she will stand by you in her own defence forever (loud cheering). And now, gentlemen—fellow-citizens—now one word to you. The duty of the day is over. Let us one and all leave our distinguished friend to the undisturbed quiet of his own home—to the fond caresses of one whose ear is at this moment bent on anxious watching for the earliest warning of his approach—that he may there recover, not only his past illness, but from the present excitement and the fatigue of travel. At present our kindest attentions will consist in scrupulously avoiding exciting intrusions. To you, sir, again, in the name of our glorious Commonwealth, I extend a cordial welcome (loud cheers).

Mr. SUMNER, in uttering the first words of acknowledgment, betrayed increasing weakness, but, forgeting it in the excitement of the occasion, he spoke with much of his ancient fervour.

May it please your Excellency, he began, it is pleasant to behold once more the familiar faces of home—the State House, the Common and the well-known streets; it is more pleasant still to behold the countenances of friends; and all this pleasure is increased by the welcome which you now give me, in behalf of the beloved Commonwealth which for five years I have served honestly and constantly in an important field of duty where I was placed by an unsought suffrage. I thank, also, the distinguished gentlemen who honour the occasion with their company. I thank, too, my fellow-citizens—all who now in uncounted multitudes give me the succour and strength of their sympathies; and my soul overflows especially to the young men of Boston, out of whose hearts, as from an exuberant fountain, that broad spreading hospitality takes its rise. My earnest desire, often expressed, has been that I might be allowed to return home quietly, without show or demonstration of any kind; and this longing has been enforced by my physical condition, which, though vastly improved at this time, and advancing surely towards complete health, is still exposed to the peril of relapse, or at least to the arrest of those kindly processes of nature essential to the restoration of a shattered system. But the spontaneous kindness of this reception makes me forget my weakness; makes me forget my desire for repose. More than five months have passed since I was disabled from the performance of my public duties. During this weary period I have been constrained to repeat daily the lesson of the renunciation. Confined at first to my bed, and then slowly regaining the power even to walk, but beyond the constant irrepressible grief which must swell up in the breast of every patriot, as he discerns the present condition of his country, my chief sorrow has been caused by the necessity to which I was doomed, of renouncing all part in the contest for human rights; which beginning in Congress, has since enveloped the whole land. The Grecian Chief grievously ill of a wound from the stealthy bite of a snake, and left behind while companions sailed to the siege of Troy, did not repine more at his enforced seclusion. From day to day, and week to week, I vainly sought that health which we value most only when lost, and which now perpetually eluded my grasp. For health I strove, and for health I prayed. With uncertain step I sought it at the seashore, and I sought it on the mountain-tops. Two voices there are—one is of the sea—one of the mountains—each a mighty voice. In both, from age to age, thou didst rejoice. They were thy chosen music, Liberty. I listened to the admonitions of medical skill, and I counted all the bracing influence of nature, while time passed without the accustomed healings of its wings. I had confidently hoped to be restored so as take my seat in the Senate, and be heard there again before the session closed. But Congress adjourned leaving me still an invalid. My next hope was that I might be permitted to appear before the people during the present canvass, and with head and mind plead the great cause which is now in issue—but here, again, I have been disappointed, and the thread of my disability is not yet spun to the end. Even now, though happily lifted from my long prostration, and beginning to assume many of the conditions of health, I am constrained to confess that I am still an invalid, cheered, however, by the assurance that I shall soon, with unimpaired vigour, be permitted to resume the responsibility of my position. Too much have I said about myself, but you will pardon it to the occasion, which, being personal in its character, invites these personal confessions. With more pleasure I turn to other things. I should feel that I failed in one of those duties which the heart prompts, and the judgment confirms, if I allowed this first opportunity to pass without the sincerest acknowledgments to my able, generous and faithful colleague, Mr. Wilson. Together we laboured in mutual trust, honourably leaning upon each other. By my disability he was left the sole representative of Massachusetts on the floor of the Senate throughout months of heated contests, involving her good name and her most cherished sentiments. All who watched the currents of debate, even as imperfectly as I did in my distant retirement, know with what readiness, courage and power he acted, showing himself by his extraordinary energies equal to the extraordinary occasion. But it belongs to me particularly to recognise his unfailing sympathies for myself, and his manly assumption of all the responsibilities of the hour. I am not here to indulge in eulogy, nor to open any merit-roll of service; but the same feeling which prompts these acknowledgments to my colleague embraces also the Commonwealth, from whom we have received our trust. To Massachusetts, mother of us all, great in resources, great in children, I now pledge my devotion. Never before did she inspire equal pride and affection. My filial love does not claim too much when it exhibits her as approaching the pattern of a Christian Commonwealth, which, according to that great English Republican, John Milton, ought to be but as one huge Christian personating one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body. Not through any worldly triumphs—not through the vaults of State street—the spindles of Lowell—or even the learned endowments of Cambridge, is Massachusetts thus; but because, seeking to extend the benign influence of civilization which she cultivates at home, she stands forth the faithful, unseduced support of human nature. Wealth has its splendour, and the intellect has its glory. But there is a grandeur in such a service which is above even the regard of good men, and will have the immortal life of history. For this she has also the reproach add contumely which, throughout all ages, have been poured on those who have striven for justice on earth. Not now for the first time in human struggles has truth, when most dishonoured, seemed most radiant in gathering glory even out of obloquy. When Sir Harry Vanette, the courageous champion of the English Commonwealth, was dragged, on a hurdle, up the Tower Hill to suffer death by the axe, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sat on so glorious a seat!" and again, when Russell was exposed in the same streets, on the way to the same scaffold, the people, according to the simple narrative of his biographer, imagined they saw Liberty and Virtue sitting by his side. Massachusetts is not without encouragement in her own history. She has seen her ports closed by an arbitrary Power—has seen her name made a by-word of reproach—has seen her cherished leaders, Hancock and Adams, excepted from all pardon by the Crown; but then, when most dishonoured, did Massachusetts deserve most—then was she doing most for the cause of us all; and now, when Massachusetts is engaged in a greater cause than that of our fathers, how serenely can she turn from the scoff and jeer of heartless men. Her only disgrace will be in the disloyalty to the truth which is to make her free. Worse to fear! Oh, far worse—this, the evil speaking of others, is the conduct of some of her own children. It is hard to sever the scholarship which has been drawn from her cisterns, and the riches which have been accumulated under her hospitable shelter, now employed to weaken and discredit the cause which is above riches or scholarship. It is hard, while our fellow-citizens in Kansas, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, plead for a deliverance from a cruel usurpation, and, while the whole country, including our own soil, is trodden down by a domineering and brutal despotism, to behold the sons of Massachusetts in sympathy, open or disguised, with the vulgar enemy; quickening everywhere the lash of the task-master, and helping forward the satanic carnival, when slavery shall be fastened, not only upon prostrate Kansas, but upon all the Territories of the Republic; when Cuba shall be torn from a friendly power by dishonest force, and when the Slave Trade itself, with all its crime, its woe and its shame, shall be opened anew under the American flag. With such I have no word of controversy at this hour, but, turning from them now in my weakness, I trust not to seem too severe if I covet for the occasion something of the divine power,

To bend the silver bow with tender skill,
While void of pain the silent arrows kill.

Gladly from these do I turn to another character, yet happily spared to Massachusetts, whose heart beats strong with the best blood of the Revolution and with the best sentiments by which that blood was enriched—the only child of one of the authors of American liberty—for many years the able and courageous representative of Boston on the floor of Congress, where his speeches were the masterpieces of the time. Distinguished throughout a long career by the grateful trust of his fellow-citizens—happy in all the possessions of a well-spent life, and surrounded by love, honour, obedience, troops of friends—with an old age which is second youth—Josiah Quincy, still erect under the burden of eighty-four winters, puts himself before us. In the ardour of youth, or the maturity of manhood, did he show himself so grandly conspicuous, and add so much to the heroic wealth of history? His undaunted soul, lifted already to glimpses of another life, may shame the feebler spirits of a later generation. There is one other personage at another period, who, with precisely the same burthen of winters, has asserted the same supremacy of powers. It is the celebrated Dandolo, Doge of Venice, at the age of eighty-four, of whom the historian Gibbon has said in words which are strictly applicable to our own Quincy, "He shone in the last period of human life as one of the most illustrious characters of the time. Under the weight of years, he retained a sound understanding and a manly courage, the spirit of a hero and the wisdom of a patriot." This old man carried the Venetian Republic over the crusaders and exposed his person freely to all the perils of war, so that the historian describes him, in words again applicable to our day, saying, "In the midst of the conflict, the Doge, a venerable and conspicuous form, stood aloft, in complete armour, on the prow of the galley, while the great standard of St. Mark was displayed before him." Before the form of our venerable head is displayed the standard of a greater republic than Venice—thrilling with its sight greater multitudes than ever gazed on the standard of St. Mark, while a sublimer cause is ours than the cause of the crusaders; for our task is not merely to ransom an empty sepulchre, but to ransom the Saviour himself in the bodies of his innumerable children; not merely to displace the infidel from a distant foreign soil, but to displace him from the very Jerusalem of our liberties. May it please your Excellency, I forbear to proceed further. With thanks for this welcome, accept, also, my new vow of duty. In all simplicity let me say that I seek nothing but the triumph of truth. To this I offer my best efforts, careless of office or honour. Show me that I am wrong and I stop at once, but in the complete conviction of right I shall persevere against all temptation, against all odds, all perils, all threats, knowing well that whatever may be my fate, the right will surely prevail. Terrestrial place is determined only by Celestial observation. It is only by watching the stars that the mariner can pursue his course, and it is only by obeying those lofty principles which are above men and human passion, that we can make our way safely through the duties of life. In such obedience I hope to live while a servant of Massachusetts.

Mr. Sumner sat down faint and weary amid terrific cheers, and the crowd slowly dispersed. O.

HOW THE SYSTEM WORKS.

MESSRS. EDITORS: While travelling not long ago in one of the south-western Counties in Virginia, the following thrilling incident took place. Starting in the stage-coach soon after breakfast, the morning being a delightful one, in the latter part of the month of May, I took my seat on the box by the side of the driver, and behind me, on the top, was seated a bright, intelligent-looking mulatto boy, apparently of 18 or 19 years of age. After being on the road a few minutes, I turned about and asked him where he was going. He replied, he was going down a few miles to live with Master ——, who kept the stage house at the west stand; that he had lived with him the last Summer, and that his master had sent him down to live with him the coming season.

Turning from the boy, the driver remarked to me, in an under-tone, "the boy is deceived; I am taking him down to the slave-pen, a few miles on, where slaves are kept preparatory to being sent to Louisiana; this deception is practised to get him from his home and mother without creating a disturbance on the place."

Shortly after, as we drew near to the place where the boy supposed he was to stop, he began to gather up, preparatory to leaving the stage, the few articles he had brought away from his home. The driver said to him in a decided tone of voice, "You are not to get off the stage here." The boy, in astonishment, replied, "Yes, I is, I'se got a letter for Master ——. I'se going to live there this Summer." By this time we had reached the house, and, Master —— making his appearance, John (for this was the name of the boy) delivered his letter and appealed to Master —— to be relieved from the command of the driver. The master made no reply, as this kind of deception was no new thing to him. After reading the letter and folding it up, he was about putting it in his pocket, when it flashed on the mind of the boy that he was sold, and was bound for the slave-pen. He exclaimed in agony, "Tell me, master, if I'se sold!" No reply was made. He exclaimed again: "Tell me, if I'se sold!" This last appeal brought the response: "Yes, John, you are sold."

The boy threw himself back on the top of the stage, and, rolling in agony, sent up such a wail of wo as no one in the stage could endure; even the hotel-keeper walked away in shame, and the driver hurried into his box, and drove off in haste to drown the noise of his cry.

The passengers were all deeply moved in the distress of the boy, and tried in various ways to soothe his wounded and crushed spirit, but his agony was beyond the reach of their sympathy.

When his agony had somewhat abated, he exclaimed, "Oh, if they had only let me bid my mother good-by. They have lied to me! They have lied to me! If they had a' told me I was sold and I could a' bid my mother good-by, I'd a' gone without making them trouble, hard as it is." By this time we had passed on some two or three miles since leaving the last stand; when drawing near to a pretty thick wood, the boy became tranquil. Waiting till we had entered the wood a few rods, he darted from the top of the stage and ran into the woods, as agile as a deer, no doubt with the feeling that it was for his life. The driver instantly dropped his reins and pursued the boy. Proving himself no match, he returned, exclaiming, "You see I have done what I could to catch him."

He mounted his box and drove on a mile or so, when he reined up his horses to a house, and, calling to the keeper, asked, "Where are your sons?" He replied they left home this morning with the dogs, to hunt a negro, and would not be home before night. The driver said to him that Mr. —— had sent his boy John on the stage that morning to be delivered at the pen, and that he had jumped from the top of the stage and taken to the woods. His reply was: "We will hunt him for you to-morrow." The driver said he wished only to notify him of his being in the woods.

As we drove on, I made the inquiry, "How long have you driven a stage on this road?" He replied: "About fifteen years." "Do you frequently take negroes down to this slave-pen?" "Yes, frequently." "What will become of this boy, John?" He replied: "He will skulk about the woods until he is nearly starved, and will some night make his way up to his master's house, and in about two weeks I shall bring him down again to the slave-pen in hand-cuffs." After a pause, even this driver, feeling his degradation in being the instrument of such misery, broke out in the exclamation: "This is a cursed business; but in this case this is not the worst feature in it. The man who sold him is his own father!"

—*Independent*. B——.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW CARRIED OUT.—About a year ago a slave boy escaped from Mobile in the bark Growler, and made his way to Canada. The Mobile *Tribune* states that Mr. R. Sheridan, his owner, kept a sharp eye on the movements of the Growler, and on her recent arrival in New Orleans he pounced on her commander for the value of the slave, and got it—the agent of the owner having promptly paid the Captain's order in favour of Mr. Sheridan, for $1,300.

DONATIONS.

We are obliged, about once in a year, to ask for aid to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and it usually happens at this season. We hope, therefore, that the friends of the Society are looking out for such an appeal, and will be ready, now that it comes, to respond to it heartily and promptly. The Anti-Slavery cause should surely find its supporters as earnest and zealous to contribute "material aid" for its advancement as politicians are for the success of their tickets. These are pouring out their money like water; in that respect, at least, we shall be glad to see the Abolitionists in unity with the Republicans, and even with the Buchaneers.

The Treasury is exhausted; there are pledges made to the Society six months ago still unpaid; donations are needed, and will be welcome, in large sums or in small; and we appeal to everybody for help.

Address FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, or S. H. GAY, New York.

THE ELECTION.

EVERYBODY will know, ere this paper reaches its readers, that James Buchanan is to be our next President. The result of the election has probably taken nobody by surprise. Whatever hope or expectation may have existed as to a different issue, before the State election of Pennsylvania in October, the most sanguine have hardly dared, since that time, to venture farther than a suggestion that Fremont still had a chance of success.

There is not much room for speculation in regard to this result, even were we ever so much disposed to indulge in it. One thing, however, is patent to everybody—that Pennsylvania, which was the doubtful State, decided the election; that the Fillmore nomination there was just so much aid to Buchanan as it could command votes; and that the Republicans, by temporising and compromising with the Fillmoreites, wasted their own strength, lost their time, and frittered away their chances of success. Had the Republicans there, that is to say, been true to Republicanism, there would have been a different result. But is this, after all, anything more than has always happened in every struggle of the Slave Power? It always turns out that somebody or some party is weak or treacherous at the precise moment when everything may be lost by weakness or treachery, and nothing can be gained except by loyalty and truth. This is the inevitable compromise of the Union, which asserts itself whether we agree to it or not.

This is the old lesson which this election repeats to us, but not the only one. Let us look at another.

It is said that on a certain dark and rainy night, during the Revolutionary war, when the whole town of Boston was wrapped in midnight slumber, the voice of a well-known Scotch watchman broke through the silence and the gloom, and started every man, woman and child into wakefulness and activity, with the words: "PAST TWAL O'CLOCK, AND CORNWALLIS BE TAKEN!" The steady, clear voice of the old watchman rang the death-knell to the hopes of many a Tory, for to take Cornwallis was to end the war.

We do not mean to call our friends the Republicans Tories—though the Tories, by-the-bye, were, many of them, very good, and perfectly honest, though very mistaken men; but their position, at this moment, should make the result of this battle come to them with the same force as the news of the surrender of Cornwallis did to those people in Boston who prayed that the rebellious Colonies should be beaten into obedience. The Republicans ought to feel, many of them, we trust, do, that they have fought their last battle under the banner of the Union and the Constitution. This we all know—that there has never been but two political parties in this country, the Southern, pro-slavery party, to which Northern Democracy has, from the beginning, been the steady unwavering ally; and the opposition party to that, which might, or might not, have some anti-slavery professions, though never before any real anti-slavery principles. Sometimes it has been called Federal, sometimes National Republican, sometimes Whig, and now, of late, simply Republican. But always it has been the same party—the party in opposition. Occasionally it has been successful in a struggle against the real sovereignty—the Slave Power; but these occasions have come by degrees to be less and less frequent. Of later years success has only been achieved by a tremendous enthusiasm for some particular man, though without any particular principle, which has swept everything before it, and over-mastered the ruling power by the mere multitude of men. It did this sixteen years ago with Harrison, and it did it eight years ago with Taylor. Whether God meant by a special providence to rebuke the weak and pusillanimous opposition which did not know what it ought to oppose, certainly such a rebuke was given, for both these men died, in good season, and the "King came to his own again" without waiting his appointed term of retirement.

Thus for the last four-and-twenty years the Slave Power has had uninterrupted sway, notwithstanding these two seemingly successful struggles against it. Its despotism had become rampant, violent and outrageous; it was drunk with cruelty, and pretended no longer to even a show of justice and decency. Once more it was to be met face to face, and this time not merely for a man, but also for a principle. Behold the result! A *political* anti-slavery party can never rally under a more gallant leader; it can never legitimately assume higher anti-slavery ground. If it could not succeed now, can it ever succeed? If with Fremont to marshal it, and Kansas as its rallying cry, it is defeated, scattered, cut to pieces, can it ever conquer on any issue, under any leader? Multitudes of its honest and sincere men, we hope and believe, will see that it cannot, and will be satisfied that a political Union with slaveholders makes a slaveholding Government, and binds us to slaveholding masters. They are beginning to learn that the only salvation for the North, and the only hope for Freedom is in a dissolution of the Union, and we will venture the prophecy that Mr. Buchanan's administration will enforce this lesson upon all of us in the course of the next four years, with the insulting arrogance and cruelty which characterizes the slavedriver who has just scourged into obedience a whole plantation of rebellious bondmen.

"ANDOVER POLITICS."

A LETTER in *The Tribune* under this head gives a sketch of a sermon on the present condition and prospects of our country, lately delivered in the Free Church in Andover, Mass., by the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, D.D., a Professor in the Theological Seminary. A great change has evidently taken place in "Andover politics," and Andover religion too, since the time when Prof. Stuart, the great Biblical Expounder of New England Orthodoxy, issued his jesuitical and Satanic pamphlet, "Conscience and the Constitution," justifying the treachery of Webster and inculcating obedience to the Fugitive Slave law as a religious duty! We would fain hope that the change is not one of policy merely, but of principle. "Slavery," says Prof. Stowe, "is the principle of Heathenism, Liberty the principle of the Gospel. The conflict, therefore, in its essence, is a conflict between the genius of Christianity and the genius of Heathenism." We congratulate the Churches of New England that this discovery has penetrated at last the thick darkness which so long enveloped her boasted "School of the Prophets." A "School of the Prophets," forsooth, where the principles for which they were persecuted unto death have been scouted by learned Professors of Theology and branded as "fanaticism" and "infidelity." This declaration of Prof. Stowe is an implied acknowledgment that the Andover Seminary, when Leonard Woods and Moses Stuart were its authorized exponents, was not a Christian but a Heathen institution! Thank God! the truth at last stands confessed. Again: "The Devil," says Prof. Stowe, "has been particularly interested to destroy or pervert this nation." Very true, and he has had for his agents and tools the most influential of the clergy, who have taxed their ingenuity, year after year, to invent apologies for slaveholding, torturing for that purpose the pages of Holy Writ; and the Churches, by their acquiescence in the teachings of these ordained and consecrated Atheists, and by keeping them in posts of influence and authority, have made themselves partakers in their blasphemy. The Professor truly says, that the use of the Bible for the defence of slavery is "one of Satan's devices to make the matter worse and worse." Of course, then, they are the servants of Satan who do this work.

"Slavery," says the Professor, "is Satan's masterpiece," and the way in which it got incorporated into the Constitution he thus describes:

"Introduced by the mother country, the element was deeply fixed. All the States except South Carolina and Georgia were willing to give it up. Satan persuaded them to give way to these two, who had done little or nothing for the Revolution. They tolerated slavery, and, as it was a poor diseased creature, not expected to live long, *they would allow it a few privileges. So they made a Constitution to that effect*, yet so skilfully worded that if the system should suddenly vanish, not a word in the instrument would be superfluous or need change. Here was the Devil's *chef d'œuvre*. Doubtless he was always thinking of the fable of the peasant, who humbly begged of the trees a handle for his axe, and that being granted, cut the whole forest down. And he could make axe-handles of any of them at his convenience, and they no power to help themselves, *unless they dissolve the Union! at least* BETWEEN THE AXE AND THE HANDLE (sensation and laughter)."

The effects of this alliance and compromise with slavery are well described in another passage:

"Wherever the good makes a compromise with the evil it strips itself of all its power, and gives to the evil the whole advantage. Put a healthy man in bed with a small-pox patient, you do not make the sick man better, but you will be sure to make the well man sick. Slavery is Satan's small-pox patient, in bed with free institutions. It is the grand instrument for perpetuating heathenism in the very blood and veins of Christianity."

Is it not most obviously the first duty of the friends of free institutions to *get out of the bed* in which they have so long lain side by side with "Satan's small-pox patient"? Or, would the Professor have them remain in that couch of contagion and death, in the vain hope that by some new arrangement of the covering, some fresh ingenuity in the "tucking up," the pestilence may be kept from spreading? Would he have us renew from year to year our allegiance to a compromise, which, upon his own showing, "strips the good of all its power and gives to the evil the whole advantage"? We wish he had spoken on this point so specifically as to leave no room for doubt as to his views.

The duty of men in respect to unrighteous legislative enactments is set forth by Dr. Stowe in a manner which offers a striking contrast to the doctrine taught by another Andover Professor in 1850.

"Another device of Satan is, that laws must be obeyed till repealed, right or wrong. Tyranny always establishes its usurpations by law. We have had, recently, a notable instance in Kansas. And if Satan can have his way, the same tyranny will be established in every State of the Union. Witness Philadelphia, where the election has just been carried by importing voters from a border State. The assertion of this principle, that laws, however fraudulent and wicked, must be obeyed, is the condemnation to eternal infamy of all our ancestors whom we have been taught to revere. A desperate effort was made, in 1850, to crowd this falsehood down the throats of the New England people; but it signally failed. The very instincts of the people, the very blood in their veins, taught them to reject it. Yet this principle is vociferously advocated by Slavery-Extensionists, in regard to Kansas laws, while they openly threaten to nullify all law that in the least restricts slavery. And to such demagogues we are required to submit with sealed mouths and fettered hands! No! by the holy memories of those who rose against the tyranical enactments of the Stuarts, the Straffords and the Lauds, the Georges and the Norths and the Gages of other days, we swear that we will not do it! By our love to our country, by our love to mankind, by our love to God, we swear that we will never do it!"

When we contrast this brave utterance with the "desperate effort" made by Prof. Stuart six years ago to "crowd down the throats of the New England people" the arrant "falsehood" that they were religiously bound to execute the Fugitive Slave law, our hearts exult in view of the evidence before us that the cause of freedom and humanity is making rapid and most gratifying progress. Let us hope that Prof. Stowe and those associated with him in religious affairs may soon be led to see that they are required by every consideration of consistency and duty to dissolve their ecclesiastical and political relations to the slave system.

GERRIT SMITH TO HENRY GREW.

PETERBORO, November 1, 1856.

HENRY GREW, *Philadelphia—My old Friend:* Abolitionists are remarkable for their intolerance and distrust. I had hoped that you were an exception. But I can hope so no longer, after reading your much applauded speech in the late meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

So you would not put me into political office, because you cannot trust me on the point of returning fugitive slaves. One would think that, after all my words and deeds on this point, I might be trusted. But no; those words and deeds avail nothing, so long

of one step of compromise with wrong, when our fathers sat down together to frame a government for the young nation; when, having wrought out their own freedom, believing that the God of freedom had given them victory, they recognised and tolerated the existence of this evil of slavery in their midst. There were many of them, as you well know, whose hearts revolted from any connection with slavery, who believed it to be an element which would work the destruction of their new fabric, and they wished to put it out altogether. Then came the first struggle between the North and South—the Slave Power and Freedom; and you know how it ended—how the North first resisted, then yielded, and slavery was permitted to live, with a sort of half-expressed understanding that it would die out in time of itself. The first step in evil is always hard to take, very much harder than the second or the third. Slavery at first was a suppliant in this Union for protection. Humbly she bent at the feet of the stronger North. It was but a little while, however, before the prayer for protection was changed to an insolent demand for whatever she wanted. First came the demand for Louisiana, then Florida, then Texas, and so step by step she laid her grasping hand on nearly all the acquired territory of this nation, until it is now all secured, actually or prospectively, to slavery, except Iowa and California. And now at the last point, by autrocities unheard of and unparalleled in the civilized world, autrocities which would disgrace heathendom, she is struggling to gain possession of the fair soil of Kansas, and hopes to wrest Cuba from Spain, and thus add two more slave States to this Union. And all this while, she is seeking to strike down your right of speech wherever she can. Even in your own council-chamber she is putting her hand upon your mouth already and forging padlocks for your lips. All these things have come about by compromising with wrong. It was never foreseen, never anticipated that our country would get into the condition it is to-day. Our forefathers saw not the result of the false step they took. Whether or not they would have taken it if they had foreseen it, God only knows. When one point is yielded, he who yields never foresees the consequence; the compromiser thinks it a little thing which, some how or other, he can right afterwards, not stopping to think that he who deliberately compromises with wrong can never undo or atone for the deed. The first evil that follows it is injury to his own soul, making it far easier for him to make the next compromise and to descend in the path of wrong.

My friends, this is the great evil, perhaps, of our age—the poison which is working in the veins of the Christian Church everywhere. We look for it in political parties; we expect it in what we call men of the world; we see it daily in the channels of business and the traffic of daily life; but we find it even among those who profess a higher principle, who call themselves by the name of Christian; that mischievous principle of doing evil that good may come. He who, seeing a great evil before him to be overthrown, catches at every means to overthrow it, thinking that here he can strike an efficient blow—who stops not to examine the weapon with which he would strike it, but exclaims, For this once let me do a great good by a little wrong—forgets that if he does a little wrong, no matter for what purpose, he weakens his own arm to strike another blow, and gives strength to his opponent and to the cause of evil which he would oppose; and that it would be infinitely better for him to forego any opportunity of striking a blow at the wrong or falsehood, if he cannot do it with a weapon which God approves.

We have fallen now upon evil times. Everybody acknowledges this. There was a time, and Abolitionists remember it well, when they predicted all this. They are not surprised that it has come upon this guilty land. They told this people, "If you will fasten your chains on the limbs of your brother, the day is not far distant when you will find them fastened on your own limbs; if you will continue to aid those who enslave the millions at the South, the time will come when they will forbid you freedom of speech, and will take from you trial by jury, the habeas corpus, and those rights which freemen glory in." The North laughed the prediction to scorn; the Church first laughed and then anathematized those who rebuked her misdeeds and uttered such predictions. The time came when the prediction was fulfilled. A little more than a year ago a blow was struck at the habeas corpus in Pennsylvania, and now you find the nation sanctioning the infamous bill which takes away the right of trial by jury.

These things, which surprise many persons, surprise not us, for we foresaw them as the legitimate growth of slavery. But it is done, and we are in this sad condition, not helpless, not hopeless, and the practical question now is, What shall this nation do to be saved from the condition which it is now in, and from the terrible future which seems to be before it? It is well to look back at the causes of the evil, if thereby we may find the cure. It is not to taunt the nation that stopped its ears against our rebukes that Abolitionists now lift up the warning cry; we told you that all these things would come upon you when you would not listen to the voice of your brother in chains pleading with you to help him as you loved your own souls. It is not to taunt the people with their past guilt or folly, but only to show them how compromising with wrong always works evil.

There is but one hope for this nation; it is in the utter abolition and extermination of slavery. There is no other. Churches and political parties may cry peace, peace, when there is no peace. They may point out this way and that way whereby the nation may seek to avert the harvest of the whirlwind after it has sown the wind. They may concoct cunningly devised measures to contravene the plans of God with reference to the effect of wrong-doing. They may say, Do this and thou shalt live; but God's laws are immutable; the chain of causes and effects established by him when he created the human soul never changes. Wrong is followed by suffering; right is always followed by the highest good. There is no help or hope for the sinner but in repentance for his sin and in abstaining from it. It is the simplest possible way—so simple that the smallest child can understand it, so deep and wide that the highest archangel that attends by the throne of God cannot go beyond, extend or amplify it. If thou hast stolen, steal no more; if thou hast done a wrong and evil thing, put that wrong and evil thing away from thy soul forever; thus only canst thou cleanse thy soul from all this terrible stain and all its evil consequences.

Men may tell you, and your own hearts will cry out to you, that there is a less difficult way—that, somehow or other, you can contravene the Almighty—that you can go on sinning in a little way for a little while, trampling on the small right of your very weak brother, and no harm shall thereby come unto you. Men say now, as they ever did, the Almighty doth not see, neither will God regard it; but slowly, steadily, certainly comes round the retribution—comes first in your own soul, comes then in the outward circumstances around you, comes next in the disorder and confusion of the nation.

Let us not mourn that it is so; let us rather give thanks to God that he has so linked suffering with wrong that the universe thereby shall be saved and ultimately purified from wrong and evil. Let us rather accept this inevitable, eternal, unalterable law and conform our own ways unto it. We must either do this or fall before its onward course. We must exterminate slavery or slavery will exterminate freedom. We must give it no countenance, make no compromise with it for one moment longer. We must demand nothing else than the emancipation of every slave, because we must put ourselves in the slave's place and demand for him what we would demand for ourselves. Can anything be simpler, yet anything more perfect, than that law which Christ gave us to regulate our conduct by, either as men or nations? Put yourself in the place of the slave, imbruted, despoiled of his rights, and ask yourself, what would I, in that condition, ask of my brothers in freedom? Whatever you would ask as your right, it is your duty to give to the slave.

I know it is often said, "What can we do for the slave? We disapprove of slavery; we would have every slave free." And in these latter days some persons say to us, "You don't do anything against slavery—you only talk; do you expect to overturn this gigantic system by merely talking against it?" I answer, we do. We know no power in God's universe given unto men that is stronger than this same power of speaking. What overturned the idolatry of the East? What carried the religion of Christianity eighteen hundred years ago from country to country until its every step was over the crumbling altars and prostrate idols of paganism? Was it anything but the preaching of truth, continual and constant? Had the early proclaimers of Christianity any other weapons? Not for several centuries; and when they got another weapon in their hand, the sword, from that hour they began to lose their purity and their spiritual power. Is there anything trange in this? God has made man with a conscience that responds to the truth. Truth is the native element of man's soul until his soul becomes perverted. God has made man with a heart which always responds to that which is good, if you take it when it is not perverted by imaginary interest; and therefore it is that by speaking the truth continually into the ears of men, day by day, here a little and there a little, never losing an opportunity of pressing it upon the conscience, great revolutions are wrought out. The political form that revolutions may take is the last means, the finishing stroke, after the great moral revolution has been wrought out; for that is wrought in each individual soul. Therefore it is that the world stands, looks on and waits, while their moral warfare goes forward. Political parties know they can do nothing, or next to nothing, until the people are convinced, aroused and interested, and it is only by argument, expostulation and entreaty that you can reach the individual soul.

Laugh not at the powerlessness of words when you look back at the world's history and see what they have done.

"Words are weapons, better, truer,
Sharper than the battle sword;
Strong against the evil doer,
With the servant of the Lord.

"Words have shaken the foundations
Of old empires wide and strong,
And brought down the pride of nations
From their throne of power and wrong."

A word uttered in a whisper in the ear of the sinner has often made him tremble, and brought him back a purified and regenerated man. Therefore, my friends, when we come to you with the story of the slave's wrongs, it is not merely to awaken a thought of pity; it is that you may take to yourselves a sense of your own present responsibility in this matter. For public sentiment creates and supports wrong or right. Public sentiment upholds slavery, and it only can demolish it. And what is public sentiment? Some people think it is made by the newspapers. So it is in part. And who makes the newspapers? Why is it that the moral standard of the newspapers of so many of our Northern States is so low? Why do they speak only low thoughts and grovelling? Why have they no loftier aspirations? It is because the newspaper press is just what the people want—or just what the editors and conductors think they want; though sometimes they do make great mistakes in that respect. Public sentiment is created by your word and mine. It is of slow growth—it grows day by day, year by year—by your utterance at the fireside with your children, by the way side with your friends, in your counting-houses, workshops, pulpits, legislative halls, lyceums, schools. Whatever sentiment you utter in any way, speaking or writing, that helps to make up public sentiment, that great engine of good or evil; and as you, each one of you, speak to-night, to-morrow, at home, abroad, anywhere, upon this subject of slavery, you are for or against the slave, on the side of liberty or despotism, in this great battle between God and Satan.

But one man says, "I am at heart an Abolitionist; but if I should say so outright and say all I think of slavery and freedom, I should ruin my reputation, I should preach myself out of my pulpit, drive myself out of my church, offend my social circle, be banished from the literary circle in which I take delight, where I have great influence for good; I should offend those I love most and ruin my business" And it used to be—it is not so now, thank God—"I shall expose myself to the insult of the mob and almost peril my life." Yes, men's lives have been perilled in this cause. I do not say that these are slight or trivial things or sacrifices; I only say there is something higher and better than all these—something which should be dearer to a man than a good name among those with whom he daily walks—something which we should value more than even life; and that is, an unstained conscience, a heroism of soul which will enable us to sacrifice everything to the right, to be ever on the side of the weak and oppressed, whatever it may cost us. You all respond to these utterances of the higher law when you hear them; but oh, they are sometimes to our ears like a sweet song set to music; we rejoice in the melody, that is all; it passes away and becomes not a part of us; we are fascinated with it for the hour and think not of it as a matter of our own personal responsibility. We call ourselves Christians; we write the Christian name on almost everything in this land; and yet, shall we not go back to the Pagans of old times and learn lessons of moral grandeur and heroism?

The story is told of a Roman Emperor who, one day, wishing to introduce an infamous measure into the Senate, and fearing the uprightness of a man whose integrity had never failed him, he said to him, "Senator, I would that you should not express an opinion against this measure which I wish to introduce." "Sire," said the Senator, "If you ask me not my opinion, I shall not give it." "But I must ask you," said the Emperor. "Then I shall speak the truth." "But if you do, I shall put you to death." "Have I ever said that I could not die? You will do what is in you—I shall do what is in me."

My friends, we bow our heads reverently before such a soul, imbued with such greatness in such an evil age; but what is it if, admiring all this, we make it not our own? Why should we not be what we admire, and make our lives as sublime as those upon which we look with such reverent admiration? When we acknowledge our deep debt of gratitude to the noble souls of the past to whom we are indebted for so much freedom as we now enjoy, shall we be content to pass away from earth leaving no equal boon to those who come after us—leaving the world no better than we found it, and no better for our having lived in it? Every one of us has a personal mission on the earth; no one is so obscure, so poor in intellect or heart, that God has not a work for him to do for his brother; and just in proportion as we do this work, faithfully and well, do we grow in spiritual stature. Ask you for a reward for well-doing! It is a reward that comes faster than you ask. For every good word spoken for the right, every good deed of self-sacrifice, there comes to the human soul such a reward as worldly men, struggling for office, position, or wealth, know nothing of—a peace which the world gives not and takes not away.

My friends, allow me once more to refer you to the example of that obscure young man in Boston, whose presence to-night we miss from our midst. I need not name him; his name will go down to posterity as one of the dearest in our history. Look at his commencing his work alone—yet not alone. Beautifully has it been said that one with God is a majority. It is not in the warfare of political parties that one can chase a thousand or two put ten thousand to flight, but in the moral warfare between good and evil. That young man stood on our side, and all the nation apparently on the other, yet he was stronger than they—nay, not he, but the truth he spoke. He was not alone, for God was with him, and around him were marshalled the angels of heaven, and those who sympathized with the right and who pitied the sufferers of wrong. Seeing, with anointed eyes, something of the heroic work that was given him to do, and the strength that was given him to do it with, he went forth, resolved to be faithful unto the end. See what he has done. Let his example and success encourage us; let each one of us to-night resolve that, whatever others may do and whatever paths they may lay out for themselves, we will choose the straight and the narrow path of righteousness. Then we shall not be likely to mistake the right, but, as we cultivate our consciences, we shall be led onward and upward to new heights of duty and more glorious visions of the truth. Especially to the young who are setting out upon the path of life would I direct my appeal; choose ye on which side of this great battle you will be found.

"To side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and it's prosperous to be just;
Then 'tis the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied."

Young man, do you seek that glory, that honour, that immortality which the soul naturally aspires for? Do you seek for a glorious career? Then turn away your thoughts from the paths where the world usually seeks it; seek it not in the poor gifts of office or political fame, or in the piling up of thousands of glittering pieces of gold. These will never satisfy the great demands, the large aspirations of your God-created soul. He who created you created you for himself, and nothing short of God, truth and right will ever satisfy the human soul, much as men may delude themselves into thinking that they are satisfied. Ask all your soul is capable of receiving and enjoying. Resolve that you will live for just what you were created for; for only thus can you grow to the full stature to which you were designed. Never violate your conscience, whatever may be the reward or the cost—no matter if thereby you could strike off the chains of millions. Not for that would we ask you to do a wrong thing. God does not ask us to do his work by breaking his laws. He made his laws, he made your souls also, and he is responsible for the consequences of your obedience to them, and will see to it that obedience to the right shall not result in evil to the doer of the right or to the world. He has so linked causes and effects that it is safe to do right. Therefore, young man and young woman, in the morning of your life seek you the path of high and holy duty, and let nothing tempt you from that; thus shall you bring the light and glory of heaven down on all your earthly path, which to another may seem dull with drudgery and dark with care and fear. So shall brightness be round about you, so shall you go forth to this or any other work of reform strong in God's own strength, and success is certain — that success which must follow doing right. Thus shall you help to save the country from the terrible depth into which it has fallen and to lift it up above the nations of the earth, where it shall indeed be a light unto the world and the salt of the earth.

But fear not, my friends, you who are congregated together in this work, fear not that it will fail. It may not succeed in your day or in mine, but it will eventually succeed, because God is on our side and it is his work.

And you who, to-night, will turn away and say, it is no work of mine, I leave it to the Abolitionists—you who acknowledge not the brotherhood of man—you who stop your ears to the cry of that woman who, to save her child from the grasp of the slaveholder, plunges the murderous knife into its breast, and you who count these things as no concern of yours—remember that this work will go on without you. God offers you a share in its glory; God offers you a privilege of working with him for the freedom of your fellows. You may refuse it if you will, but you will be losers thereby. The poor outcasts of earth will find that they will not be forsaken. The strength that is arrayed against them will turn to weakness. "I have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay tree, and yet he passed away and was not; lo! I sought him, but he could not be found." God is greater than Satan; good is greater than evil; truth stronger than falsehood, and right stronger than wrong; therefore shall freedom be ultimately triumphant over slavery, and men shall find that in this conflict they were wrong and God was right.

A BEAM IN HIS OWN EYE.—An immense assembly convened at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, the 30th ult., to listen to political addresses from the Rev. Dr. Cheever and the Rev. Dr. Thompson. Dr. Cheever having spoken for more than an hour with masterly force and eloquence, and Dr. Thompson having finished a somewhat briefer, though scarcely less able address, the audience demanded a speech from the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., of New Haven. The Doctor made an earnest, offhand address, in the course of which he alluded to the apostacy of Rufus Choate. If, said he, Mr. Choate had listened to such preaching as that of Dr. Cheever, he probably would not have stood where he now does, on the platform of Slavery Extension. I happen to know, he continued, that Mr. Choate's minister is the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., author of "*A Southside View.*" This hit was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Now it is a striking fact, that the very minister whose pernicious teachings were thought to have led Mr. Choate to betray the cause of freedom had on that very day, at Newark, been reelected a member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and among those who appear to have been present on the occasion, and to have taken an active part in the proceedings of the body, was the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.! There is no evidence that he or anybody else offered a word of protest against the election of this "blind guide" to one of the highest and most responsible positions within the control of the American Church. It is by no means improbable that Dr. Bacon himself voted for him, and we presume he would not hesitate to admit him to his pulpit and to treat him in all respects as a true minister of Christ. If the author of "*A Southside View*" is fit to be a guide of the very "Ark of the Covenant" of the American Church, the Board of Foreign Missions, is he not also fit to dispense the Gospel to Rufus Choate?

It requires but a small degree of courage, comparatively, in the present state of public opinion, for a minister to make a *political* anti-slavery speech, and we fear that not a few clergymen are seeking to atone for their guilty silence in ecclesiastical assemblies by a display of zeal in political movements. They give the right hand of fellowship to slaveholders and apologists for slavery in the religious organizations to which they belong, and then seek to quiet an accusing conscience by a spasmodic zeal for reform in political affairs! When such men as Dr. Bacon, Dr. Thompson, Dr. Cheever, Dr. Storrs and H. W. Beecher, have the courage and the consistency to apply their anti-slavery principles in their ecclesiastical relations, and to treat unsoundness on a great question of morals as they do unsoundness in respect to abstract theological dogmas, we shall think better of their anti-slavery than it is possible for us to do at present.

SLAVERY IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—We have not seen for many a day a more exquisite piece of satire than that which will be found on the first page, in the form of a petition, purporting to have been addressed to the late General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. Punch himself never let fly a sharper pointed or better aimed arrow at Hypocrisy and Cant than this which comes from the quiver of an anonymous writer in *The Tribune*. The burlesque is perfect in conception and detail, employing the keen blade of satire not to wound the cause of struggling virtue and genuine piety, but to lay open the festering iniquity of a fashionable but corrupt Church, which prostitutes the name of Christ and the forms of His religion to degrade and oppress humanity. The prophets of Baal, at whom Elijah launched the javelin of inspired sarcasm, were not more legitimate game than the ordained and surpliced dignitaries of the American Episcopal Zion, who sanction the traffic in human flesh while they insult Jehovah and delude the people by pious mouthings and heartless forms. That the arrow hit the mark we have evidence both amusing and striking in the fact that a dignitary of the Church in a slave State, utterly oblivious of the obvious truth that the petition was intended as a burlesque, thought it incumbent upon him to expose it as a forgery! Here is his ludicrously solemn objurgation from *The Tribune* of Tuesday:

SIR: Some one has sent me a number of *The Tribune* for October 29, the fifth page of which, in the third and fourth columns, contains an article headed "Negroes and Religion," "The Episcopal Church at the South," and purporting to be a "memorial" addressed by members of that Church to its late General Convention.

The piece is a gross and base forgery, and honesty and comity to a large body of your fellow-citizens require of you its exposure as such in a place at least as conspicuous as that which you have allowed it to occupy in your widely circulated columns. AN EPISCOPALIAN.

Baltimore, Nov. 1, 1856.

The indignant "Episcopalian," as we happen to know, is a Bishop! The world does not often get a chance to laugh at a better joke than this.

HON. SAMUEL HOAR died at his residence in Concord, Mass., on Sunday morning last, at the advanced age of 78 years. He was an eminent lawyer and a man of unimpeachable integrity both in private and public life. The most memorable event of his life was his expulsion from Charleston, S. C., by threats of mob violence, in 1844. He went there as the agent of Massachusetts, to take the necessary steps to carry up to the U. S. Supreme Court, by appeal from the decision of a South Carolina tribunal, a case involving the constitutionality of the laws of that State for the imprisonment of coloured seamen arriving in her ports. Neither the shield of legal and official sanctity, derived from the sovereignty of Massachusetts, nor the still higher sanctity of age, was sufficient to protect him from insult at the hands of the chivalrous lords of the lash, who illustrated their ideas of citizenship and revealed the utter worthlessness of the American Union by forcing him, under terror of lynch law, to take his departure from the State. He was an old man, in feeble health, and, taken wholly by surprise, he unfortunately yielded to the mingled entreaties and threats of the fire-eaters. The pluck of a Henry Wilson would have saved the honour of Massachusetts on that occasion. Why, after the pusillanimous submission of the Old Bay State to such an outrage upon her rights and her honour, need we wonder that the ruffian Brooks beat with a bludgeon the head of her noble Senator? The blows under which Sumner sunk unconscious and bleeding upon the floor of the Senate were *invited* by the spaniel-like subserviency with which the government and people of Massachusetts consented to be kicked out of Charleston in the person of Samuel Hoar, twelve years ago.

MISS FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.—This young lady, known to some of our readers as the authoress of a creditable little collection of poems, and to others as the niece of Wm. Watkins, the "Coloured Baltimorean" who used to write so well for *The Liberator*, has been labouring for some time as an anti-slavery lecturer, and is now engaged in Philadelphia in that capacity. She addressed a meeting one evening last week in the Assembly Buildings in Chestnut street, which was attended by a highly intelligent and respectable audience, and to whom she is represented as having given the fullest satisfaction. Miss Watkins is described as a lady of prepossessing appearance and manners, and her style of speaking, which is highly poetical, is said to be quite touching and effective. Her address at the Assembly Buildings was so well received and excited so much interest that she was requested to speak again in Philadelphia, and arrangements are being made for another lecture from her next week. Notice of the time and place will be given in the *Ledger* and other papers of that city, and we trust that our friends there will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing her.

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

THE returns received up to the hour of going to press leaves little or no doubt that the Presidential Election has resulted as follows:

For Fremont.	*Votes.*	*For Buchanan.*	*Votes*
Maine	8	New Jersey	7
New Hampshire	5	Pennsylvania	27
Massachusetts	13	Indiana	13
Rhode Island	4	Delaware	3
Connecticut	6	Virginia	15
Vermont	5	North Carolina	10
New York	35	South Carolina	8
Ohio	23	Georgia	10
Michigan	5	Alabama	9
Wisconsin	5	Mississippi	7
		Florida	3
Total, so far	109	Texas	4
For Fillmore.	*Votes.*	Arkansas	3
Maryland	8	Kentucky	12
		Tennessee	12
		Missouri	9
		Total, so far	149

Doubtful as yet.

Louisiana	4	Iowa	4
Illinois	11	California	4

The Tribune presumes Illinois has gone for Buchanan and Iowa for Fremont, but there are no returns as yet to make this absolutely certain. And, since 149 votes will elect, and Buchanan has already that number morally certain for him, it is not necessary to speculate on the subject.

New York gives from 30,000 to 50,000 plurality for Fremont, and elects the whole Republican State ticket and 21 of the 34 members of Congress.

Massachusetts (all but 7 towns) gives Fremont 102,911, Buchanan 37,373, Fillmore 18,994. The Republicans have elected all their candidates for Congress, Burlingame included, and carried the Legislature by a large majority, which ensures the reëlection of Sumner to the Senate Gardner is reëlected Governor by 25,000 majority.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE.—This is the title of a book which has just made its appearance from the press of J. S. Redfield, 34 Beekman street. We have not had time to read it, but the information we have received in respect to the character and ability of the author (who is a Southern woman and writes of what has been long familiar to her) leads us to the confident anticipation that it will prove to be one of the best books in illustration of slavery that has yet been published.

REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG, of Philadelphia, has been condemned by a small majority of his congregation, for preaching against slavery. The question whether he should continue or resign the pastoral office having been referred, by agreement between the Vestry and himself, to a vote of the congregation, 57 voted for and 44 against his resignation.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE for November contains the best portion of the matter that has appeared in the four or five previous weekly issues of *The Living Age*, selected in large part from the leading English Reviews and Magazines, and embracing Tales, Poetry, Reviews, &c. Littell, Son & Co. 343 Broadway.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 650.—*Contents:* The Gowrie Conspiracy; Woman vs. Sewing Machines; Brown's Amanuensis; The Fortunes of Glencore, Part VII.; Family History; Sense vs. Legal Pedantry; Short Articles; Poetry. 343 Broadway.

Summary.

The Underground Railroad appears to be quite a flourishing institution. A report of the Albany Vigilance Committee (colored) states that between the 15th of September, 1855, and the 15th of July, 1856, a period of ten months, two hundred and eighty-seven fugitive slaves passed through the city of Albany en route for Canada.

It is rumoured that a fugitive slave arrived at Portland a few days since, in a ship from some Southern port. He was concealed by the crew. It was unknown to the Captain of the ship that the negro was aboard, until after he was landed. The fugitive was taken up by a conductor of the "Underground Railroad" and put aboard a special train bound for the dominions of her Majesty.

The Hon. John M. Clayton, says *The Dover* (Del.) *Reporter*, of the 21st ult., has been confined to his room in this town, for two or three weeks past. Of the particular nature of his complaint we have not been informed, but his physicians think it doubtful whether he will ever entirely recover. On Saturday last he joined the Presbyterian Church and took the sacrament in his apartment.

IMMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA.—A party of 36 German and French emigrants passed through Lynchburg, on Monday, en route for Wythe Co., Va., where they intend settling. The Richmond *Dispatch* says they are the pioneers of a colony to be founded in South-west Virginia by capitalists of France, who have already made purchases of land in that region. They design sending 1,500, of which number 300 will be over shortly. The governor of the colony, Charles Hatman, was with the party which has just gone, and among the number were three Crimean veterans.

MANUMITTED.—A gentleman recently died near Staunton, Va., leaving a large property and several slaves. Previous to his death he called his servants around his bed, offering all those who wished to be released from bondage their freedom. Seven chose the latter. They are now on their way, in company with the executor of the estate, en route for Highland County, Ohio, where they intend to make their future home.

A CAMP MEETING SCENE.—One afternoon, during "religious services," and while a "preacher" was in full blast in the middle of an exhortation, a pious-looking "brother" stepped up to the "stand" or pulpit, and after telling the preacher to "hold up" for a moment, made the following announcement, in a clear, ringing tone, but with the usual Methodistical "twang:" "Sister Stevens is in tent No. 45, and if brother Roberts is on the ground, she wants the key of her trunk!" Brother Roberts immediately arose and proceeded to the tent of sister Stevens, and the preacher resumed his exhortations, as if nothing unusual had happened.

SUMNER'S PORTRAIT.—A new portrait of Charles Sumner, now being drawn by Grozelier, will be published early next week by Mr. C. H. Brainard, 124 Washington street. Beneath the portrait will be engraved the closing words of his last speech in the U. S. Senate.

Mr. Brainard has in preparation a companion to his famous print, the "Champions of Freedom," to be entitled "Heralds of Freedom," which will present the portraits of Phillips, Parker, May, Mann, Giddings and Smith, arranged in a circle around that of William Lloyd Garrison. This picture is also to be drawn by Grozelier.—*Boston Telegraph, 1st.*

THANKSGIVING.—Sixteen States have appointed the day for Thanksgiving on the 6th of November, fourteen on the 20th, and one on the 27th, as follows:

Maine	20	Delaware	6
Massachusetts	27	Maryland	20
New Hampshire	20	Ohio	20
Vermont	20	Indiana	20
Connecticut	20	Wisconsin	20
New York	20	Missouri	20
New Jersey	20	North Carolina	20
Pennsylvania	20	Mississippi	20
Michigan	20		

Stephen A. Douglas, in his speeches, says much about amalgamation. Gen. Nye of New York, in his speech at Chicago, alluded to this propensity, and said it reminded him of an anecdote. *Charles Fox* once visited a lady of rank, who, in a pet, said to him, "I don't care for you three skips of a louse." Fox was good natured, so he wrote as follows:

A lady said to me in her own house,
I do not care for you three skips of a louse;
I forgive the dear creature for what she had said,
For ladies speak most of what runs in their head.

"Of course," said General Nye, "I make no personal application." The uproar was tremendous.

WORK INSTEAD OF TRAVEL.—A medical writer in the *Congregationalist* earnestly opposes the practice of ministers and professional men travelling abroad to regain lost health, affirming that in nine cases out of ten health is injured rather than benefited by such journeys. He asserts that if a parish, instead of furnishing their minister with means for travelling abroad, would furnish him land for tillage, and the implements of husbandry, it would better improve his health, and more "abound to the riches of their liberality." "Any sedentary invalid," he says, "who will resort to this heaven-ordained means of health of body, and peace of mind, will soon understand why the old clergymen of this country had a long ministry, and a green old age."

NO SHIRTS.—The Charleston *Standard* of the 17th and 18th ult. complains that the South have to go to the North to obtain their shirts. The Charleston market, so it says, supports ten thousand Northern seamstresses in the business. Worse than this, it receives from the North "a hundred thousand hats, four hundred thousand shoes, and coats, pants, vests, collars, sacks, cloaks, &c." "Every village and cross-road store" throughout the State is supplied with this indispensable articles of shirts from the same source. "Such are the results," says the *Standard*, "of our present political connection, and such results, we say, would not survive its dissolution." Then of course the South Carolinians would have to go without shirts, hats, pants, vests, collars, sacks, and cloaks; for they cannot possibly be manufactured by slave labour, for half a century to come.

FRAUD AND FORGERY.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* in Washington writes as follows:

A notorious gambler of this city wrote a most infamous pamphlet, combining in part sundry extracts of what Garrison and others have said against the Union, and manufactured others to suit his base purpose, all of which he arrays in form to prove that the Republican party is a disunion party. This scurrilous thing was sent out over the entire North, and has had probably a larger circulation than any other document, and it was used by Secretary McClelland in Michigan. Here is one of the extracts purporting to have come from Mr. Giddings, on the floor of the House, in May, 1854, and which Mr. Giddings has denounced as a base forgery on several occasions:

"I look forward to the day when there shall be a servile insurrection in the South; when the black man, armed with British bayonets, and commanded by British officers, shall wage a war of extermination against the white man; when the master shall see his dwelling in flames, and his *hearth-stone polluted;* and, though I may not mock at their calamity, nor laugh when their fear cometh, yet shall I hail it as the dawn of a political millennium."

The Secretary, notwithstanding the public denial of Mr. Giddings, read this extract, with others, at Hillsdale, Michigan; and even after the President of the College at that place exposed the fraud, and presented an autograph letter from Mr. Giddings, in which he stamped the article as a villanous forgery, in the very presence of the Secretary, he still persisted in using this compilation of *stuff*, gathered from the purlieus of the gambling hells of this city.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—A GENTLEMAN SCALDED TO DEATH BY HIS OWN SERVANTS.—It was mentioned a few days ago that Lewis B. Norwood, Esq., an influential and widely known merchant of Granville County, N. C., had come to his death on the night of Tuesday, the 21st ult., in a sudden and mysterious manner. The Petersburg *Express* has the following additional particulars:

"About his usual hour of retiring, 9 o'clock, his overseer left him in his chamber. He was then in his usual health and condition, both of mind and body. Some two hours after his negroes reported to the neighbours that he had fallen into the fire and been burned to death. The neighbours immediately assembled, and found him a corpse. Burns upon different parts of his person were discovered, but his hair was not singed even, and his clothing was without a scorch. Under these circumstances it was supposed that the burns must have been scalds from hot water. His two little daughters were asleep at the time in the chamber, but of course could tell nothing of the sudden and mysterious manner in which they had been deprived of their protector.

"An examination being instituted, suspicion rested upon his negroes, and it is now ascertained that he was foully and shockingly murdered by two of the slaves. From such facts as we have been enabled to gather, it seems that a negro man belonging to him had for some time absented himself. Mr. Norwood suspected that two of his negroes were harbouring the runaway, and to prevent a continuance of the practice had for several nights previous to his murder locked up the two suspected in an out-house on his premises. On the fatal night, however, he was stunned by a blow, and a large pot of boiling water, which had been prepared for the purpose, was poured through a funnel down his throat, until life became extinct. He was then conveyed to his chamber, and the neighbours apprized of the death, as we stated above. We understand that two of his negroes have been arrested, and are now in jail."

The Grand Jury of Harrison Co., Virginia, has lately indicted Mr. W. P. Hall, of Shinnston, and Mr. Ira Hart, of Clarksburg, in that County, for promoting the circulation of *The Tribune*. Mr. Horace Greeley of this city was also indicted as equally guilty with Messrs. Hall and Hart, if not more so. We believe that the trial was expected to take place early in October, but for some reason it was passed over. The ground of complaint we understand to be, that *The Tribune* is an abolition document; the case having being made out before the Grand Jury by producing a copy of the paper containing an account of the flight of a number of slaves from the protecting care of their masters. Though this was copied, almost if not quite verbatim, from some Southern journal, it was judged to be sufficient proof against *The Tribune* and its friends, and the indictment was made out accordingly.

The following letter has been addressed by Mr. Hall to the publishers of this journal:

"SHINNSTON, Va., 20th Oct., 1856.

"MESSRS. GREELEY & MCELRATH: Since I returned home I find the storm raging as bad as ever against me. They say I shall stop *The Tribune* Club or they will bring my case up at the next Grand Jury Court and put me clear through.

"I therefore request you to stop the Club.

"This from a friend. WM. P. HALL."

The authorities of Harrison County will see from the above that Mr. Hall has complied with their directions, and is no longer to be held responsible for the sending of *The Tribune* into that intelligent community. They will also please to take notice that we respectfully decline their proposal. Our subscribers in Harrison have all paid for their papers, and we shall fulfil our contract by forwarding them with promptness and regularity.

We hope to be duly informed beforehand when this indictment is to be tried. It would be very shabby of the gentlemen of the first families to deny us that privilege.—*Tribune.*

ANECDOTE OF BEECHER'S ELOQUENCE.—An amusing incident strongly illustrating the power of Henry Ward Beecher's oratory occurred in the course of his speech at Albion on Tuesday last. The speaker was showing that no other issue was involved in the present Presidential contest than that relating to slavery, and that no one had a right to interfere with third candidates or side issues. He said that freedom and slavery, like two ancient knights, were volunteers in the great Presidential tournament, and were entering the lists for mortal combat. Slavery stalks forth with hateful garb and diabolical visage, threatening "to crush every foe, and win the field." But Freedom, with white waving plumes and clothed in beauty, rides fearlessly into the lists, and signifies his readiness for the fearful struggle. The two champions face each other with mutual hate, their uplifted lances glancing to the sun, and each waiting for the shrill blast of the signal trump of the 4th of November. The people, as if in one grand amphitheatre, look anxiously on each with a deep interest in the result of the mortal struggle. And the almost universal cry is: Give them a fair fight—a single-handed contest—no interference—no back-handed thrusts from third parties—and let us see who will roll with broken lance in the dust. "But," continued Mr. Beecher, bending and peering forward, as if he had just discovered a new and strange sight in the distance, "who is that crawling into the lists?" At this interesting crisis in the speech, an old gentleman, standing a little back of Beecher on the stand, was seen to bend his neck forward and look, with as much seeming anxiety as Beecher himself, for the man "stealing into the ring." "Who can it be?" repeated the speaker; and then assuming a countenance of overwhelming astonishment, and with uplifted hands, he exclaimed: "As I live, it is Millard Fillmore!" whereupon the old gentleman rushed forward to Beecher's side, yelling out: "Is't Fillmore?—where?—where? I don't see him!" Beecher bestowed a most distressingly ludicrous look upon the old gentleman, looked still more comically at the audience, and—but the tumult that followed we will not attempt to describe.—*Medina Tribune, Oct. 25.*

SALE OF A SLAVE—AN INCIDENT IN NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans *Bulletin*, of the 20th ult., says: Passing through the Arcade Saloon, we noticed at one of the auction stands a negro girl up for sale, and around a closely packed crowd that appeared to be deeply interested in what was going on. Curiosity led us to pause and inquire what was the cause of the apparent excitement. The bids were going on in a spirited manner, and generally at an advance of only five dollars a bid, and at every bid the eyes of the crowd would quickly turn in the direction whence the bid proceeded, the interest and excitement being, in the meantime, upon the increase. The girl, a bright, intelligent mulatress, about fourteen years old, was evidently not indifferent to what was transpiring. There was no moisture in her eyes, but they assumed an expression which indicated that she felt some anxiety in regard to the result of the sale, which is not generally the case. As the bids reached near a thousand dollars, the excitement became intense and as that figure was called, a spontaneous hiss was heard from one end of the room to the other, followed by a vehement shout of "Turn him out!" "Turn him out!" A rush was made for the door, the hammer had fallen, and the girl also, into the arms of—her mother, who had become her purchaser. The explanation of it all was that the woman had been freed by her owner, and had earned money enough to buy her child, the mulatress in question, and being a valuable servant, several persons were anxious to obtain her, but all of them, with one exception, had pledged the mother that they would not bid against her, and they honourably kept their faith. It was the conduct of this one, who was bidding against the mother, which so excited and exasperated the crowd on the occasion. The man made good his escape; fortunately so for him, we think, as we heard sundry expressions about "Lynching," &c., as the crowd came back to talk over the matter. The mother was so much affected by the joy of having succeeded in retaining possession of her child, that she swooned away, and was carried out of the saloon. We may add that the sale was a succession sale, and was not designed to be anything more than nominal, and nobody intended that the mother should be deprived of her child.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN CHIC

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PROMISED AMERICAN AWAKENING.

A DESERVED REBUKE.

From The London Examiner, October 11.

We are surprised to learn from Mrs. Stowe that the dram market of Great Britain strikes an American not less appallingly than the slave market of the Southern States strikes an Englishman. We thought that tippling was a very prevalent habit in the United States, and the Maine Liquor law seemed to us to manifest the strength of the propensity in the very attempt to suppress the practice. Abstinence is easier than temperance; and when temperance is hopeless, resort is had to compulsory abstinence. But hear Mrs. Stowe:

"The view of your great cities flaming nightly with signs of 'Rum, brandy and gin,' is to the eyes of an American as appalling as the slave market of our Southern States to an Englishman. With the majority of our respectable population in New England these articles are considered as pertaining only to the department of medical practice, and if we have them in our houses at all, it is with the same precaution and watchfulness that we use other medicines. When we see how they are publicly obtruded on the eye here every night, with all the attractions of brilliant lights and splendid shops, we wonder that there are any who escape such temptations. But let us hope that our two countries are both on the eve of new and better things. It is our hope that the cause of liberty in America is about to triumph—*that the wise and good, who too long have slumbered and slept*, are awakening in good earnest to wipe out the disgrace of past remissness by placing in our highest national seat a President who shall consistently uphold the principles of freedom."

We confess we are heartily sick of hearing the words we have marked with italics. This promised awakening of America is little better than a slang. The wise and good too long have slumbered, forsooth. The wise do not slumber when the occasion calls for their vigilance and activity. The good do not slumber when humanity summons them to the rescue. These good people who are asleep when they ought to be awake are good for nothing. We have had a vast deal too much of the virtue and resolution of America in the future tense. Of the great things promised we would fain see a tithe in the present.

The struggle between slavery and freedom in America will be unequal, in vigour and resolution, so long as a great moral principle is pitted against a great material interest, whether real or imaginary. Whenever the interest of the North becomes as much concerned in the contest as its humanity, the blessed issue is at hand. And the interest of the North is taking the alarm.

We are not less hopeful about the result than Mrs. Stowe, not because good men are going spontaneously to arise from their slumbers, but because, if they slumber arise from their slumbers, but because, if they slumber much longer, they will rise to an impaired, impoverished estate.

From reading American speeches and writings, it might be supposed that in the Union things were to be done without hands. As with us, it is nobody's part to do every sort of mischief, so in the United States it seems nobody's part to do good. In a speech of the Hon. A. Burlingame, delivered in the House of Representatives, a speech which we have read for the most part with respect and satisfaction, we find this passage respecting the conduct of the State of Massachusetts:

"Yet the hand of the Federal Government has been laid heavily upon her. That malignant spirit who has usurped this Government *through the negligence of the people*, too long, has pursued her with rancour and bitterness. She has seen go down before its invidious legislation her commercial interests. She has seen her commerce perish, and ruin, like a devastating fire, sweep through her fields of industry; but, amid all these things, Massachusetts has always lifted up her voice with unwavering devotion to the Union. She has heard the Federal drum in her streets; she has protected the person of that most odious man—odious both at the North and the South—the slavehunter. She has protected him when her soil throbbed with indignation from the sea to the New York line. Sir, the temples of justice there have been clothed in chains. The Federal Courts in other States have been closed against her, and her citizens have been imprisoned and she has had no redress.

"Yet, notwithstanding all these things, Massachusetts has always been faithful—has always been loyal to the Constitution. You may ask *why, if she has been so wronged, so insulted, has she been true and faithful to the Union?* Sir, because she knew, in her clear head, that *these outrages came not from the generous hearts of the American people*. She knew that *when justice finally should assume the reins of Government, all would be well*. She knew that when the Government ceased to foster the interest of slavery alone, her interests would be respected and the whole country be blessed. It was always this high constitutional hope that has always swayed the head and heart of Massachusetts, and which has made her look out of the gloom of the present and anticipate a glorious future."

Thus we learn that, "through the negligence of the people," a malignant spirit has too long ruled the States, and has affected Massachusetts in particular with various deplorable evils. Well, what did this enlightened and powerful State do in these straits? Why, she hoped, forsooth. And she rested on her knowledge that when justice should assume the reins, all would be well. She had the solid consolation of a figure of speech. She waited for justice. But how is justice to come about, or be brought about?

"In her clear head" Massachusetts knew that the wrongs she suffered were not the work of the American people, but we have been told they were the results of the negligence of the people, so that the people have been in fault on the one side, that of omission, and the Federal Government in that of commission. And where is the redress? In the awakening and a new Presidential election. We trust it may prove so; but surely there is something rotten in the State of Denmark, something amiss in the great American Republic, in which the most grievous misrule may have its sway unchecked for four years, involving the Union in the danger of foreign war, and plunging a part of it into the horrors of civil war, all for one man's political game. Yet we are told that the bulk of the people are good, and the principles of the Government good; but, nevertheless, the bad get the upper hand, as we always see them do in novels till the last volume, and in plays till the last act, because the good folks cannot see with what they have got to do, or act if they do, and are as helpless as penguins in the face of their enemies. Is this the goodness of a great nation, or to borrow Coleridge's *goodness?*

THE MYSTERIES OF MEDICINE.

"Dr. Willis tells us," says Burney, in his *History of Music*, "of a lady who could *hear only while a drum was beating*, insomuch that her husband actually hired a drummer, as a servant, in order to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation." A certain Frenchman, Vigneul de Marville insists that musical sounds contribute to the health of the body and mind, assist the circulation of the blood, dissipate vapours, and open the vessels, so that the action of perspiration is freer. He tells a story of a person of distinction, who assured him that once, being suddenly seized by violent illness, instead of a consultation of physicians, he immediately called a band of musicians, and their violins played so well in his inside "that his bowels became perfectly *in tune*, and in a few hours were completely becalmed." Naturalists assert that animals are sensible to the charms of the divine art; why not the biped, man? The well-known line will occur to the reader,

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast";

and the great dramatist predicates moral delinquency where the effect of its dulcet influence is not acknowledged.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sound,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

A little plaintive, soothing melody after dinner has long been resorted to as an auxiliary to the digestive process; the effect is to induce a temporary state of mental quiescence and repose, while it confers all the advantage of sleep with none of its disadvantages. It is putting the soul in tune, as Milton expresses it, for any subsequent exertion.

Medical lore would not probably have been so far behind the other sciences, had its professors but husbanded, in a collected form, the experience of the past, as has been the case, for example, in the art of navigation. To begin with Galen, as a starting point, it will be sufficient to remark that he reprobated such prescriptions as were composed of any portions of the human body; and he severely condemned Xenocrates for having introduced them, as being worse than useless, as well as being positively unjustifiable. Yet these abominable ingredients continued in use till what may be styled the reformation of medicine in the seventeenth century. Human bones were administered internally as a cure for ulcers, and the bones were to be those of the part affected. A preparation called *aqua divina* was made by cutting in pieces the body of a healthy man who had died a violent death, and distilling it.

The mummery of early medicine, with all its cabalistic and unintelligible mysticisms, formed a part of the age which sanctioned such buffoonery. The state of medicine may be considered as the criterion or barometer of the state of morals as well as science in a nation. This is evinced by the miserable condition of the science in Europe so late as the tenth century, when there was scarcely a physician in Spain.

The commencement of the sixteenth century was rendered memorable by the introduction of chemistry into medicine. Paracelsus endeavoured to explain the art of healing on chemical principles, at once fanciful and illusory.

A high degree of dignity has been ever claimed for the medical profession, as mediating between life and death; some even supposing it to have been of divine origin, from the passage in *Ecclesiasticus:* "For the Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them." Some of the Floridian tribes, as we learn from Southey's *Doctor*, had so high an opinion of medicinal virtue that they buried all their dead except their doctors; them they *burnt*, reduced their bones to powder, and drank the same in water—a delicious decoction for a delicate stomach! Old astrologers, and the like fraternity, with their mathematical marks, zodiacal signs, sought to invest their craft with a mysterious sanctity. Boasting its origin and authority to be heaven-derived, with its blazonry of factitious distinction, would it be suspected, after all, the curative art is to be traced even to the instinct of brutes? For example, the sagacious dog, when indisposed, may be seen to enact himself the doctor, by a resort to the fields to eat a quantity of prickly grass—an expedient which seldom fails of success, by acting as an emetic. The same with the cat, when she finds herself "a little under the weather," forthwith she sneaks off for some *catnip*. There is a story related of an Arabian shepherd, who, having observed the goats of his flock, as often as they browsed upon the coffee fruit, to skip about and exhibit signs of intoxication, tasting the berry himself, tested the fact. The apes of Abyssinia, in the same way, indicated to their superior masters the laxative qualities of the *cassia fistula*. One might almost suppose, therefore, a necessity for the resorting to sorcery, witchcraft, stichomancy, and other mysterious agencies, in order to disguise the humble sources of some elementary branches of our famed medical lore. Egypt, India and Palestine seemed to have been blessed with no small supply of the erudite in these matters, such as pneumatologists, exorcists, magicians, thaumaturgists, and enchanters. These magi combined, with their exercise of the healing art for the body, the power of curing psychological maladies; and with such an extensive variety of practice, these ancient sages must have made a tolerable good thing of it. In Greece and Rome, sorcery and its kindred arts were extensively resorted to; and even till recent times, such incantations were practised in some of the most polished countries of Europe.

It is not surprising that men in the early ages of civilization should ascribe the curative art to the potency of some unseen and supernatural agency, since the diseases incident to the human family were supposed to be the result of the ire of the heathen deities. Magic, remarks one of the classic writers, was the offspring of medicine, and after having fortified itself with the help of astrology, borrowed all its splendour and authority from religion. It is seldom now that we find the two professions combined—the cure of the body with that of the soul; but in former ages they seem to have been intimately allied; so much so, indeed, that the early fathers of medicine were accounted worthy of deification. Amulets and charms, and consecrated relics, so rife in superstitious times, served to test the credulity and ignorant subjection of the popular mind. Different kinds of materials were used by different people, but all agreed as to their faith in their efficacy, as preventives against infection or disease, as well as their potency for the removal of maladies. The ignorant, however, were not alone liable to become the victims of the pleasing delusion, for we have testimony to prove that several of the learned were of this class, and Lord Bacon among the number.

Speaking of charms, we might mention the case of a silly old woman, who, according to Dr. Sigmond, applied for a remedy for an affection of the breast; a prescription was given her, and, a few days after, she returned to offer her grateful thanks for the cure it had effected. Would it be believed that she merely tied said prescription round her neck! It is stated in Tims' *Popular Errors* that the fourth book of *Iliad* has often cured intermittent fevers in this way; the strength of the language, no less than the warmth of action, that pervades this portion of Homer's magnificent poem being such that it was, on one occasion, *metaphorically* said to be sufficient to cure a sick man of the ague. Some sapient individual, not comprehending poetic tropes and figures, actually converted this saying into a grave reality.

Pliny speaks of some Chrysippus, reputed a famous practitioner of his day, who gained his notoriety by advocating *cabbages* as the panacea for all complaints! The practice of physic, it must be apparent, is easily susceptible of being made the occasion of cheat and imposture. Abernethy, on being appealed to by a patient on behalf of her fancied indisposition, had the frankness (after taking his guinea fee) to state that her symptoms merely indicated the absence of health and also of disease, and, handing her back a shilling, advised her to get a *skipping-rope* and use it! It is a singular enigma in human nature, that tendency of yielding one's self to the pleasing delusions of a cheat, even though the deception may be revealed, or at least fairly suspected. Dr. Parr defined the term *quack* as being applicable to all who, by pompous pretences, mean insinuations and indirect promises, endeavour to obtain that confidence to which neither education, merit nor experience entitles them. As long, therefore, as this innate love of the mysterious obtains among men, charlatanism will, to a greater or less degree, exist; and, anomalous as it is, often the most cultivated and enthusiastic minds are the readiest victims of the cheat. Walpole says that acute and sensible people are frequently the most easily deceived by quacks. A recent writer, referring to the success which generally attends any daring and impudent imposture, remarks: "If the cheat required ingenuity to detect it, there would be some hope for mankind; but it actually lies concealed in its *very obviousness.*"—*Specialist.*

BENEVOLENT WOMEN IN HOSPITALS.

In a work just published Mrs. Jameson gives some interesting information relative to the ministration of females of the educated classes in hospitals, reformatories, &c., on the Continent.

"During my last visit to Paris," writes Mrs. Jameson, "I visited an hospital which I had not seen before—the hospital Laborisiere, which appeared to me a model of all that a civil hospital ought to be, clean, airy, light, and lofty, above all, cheerful. I should observe that generally in the hospitals served by sisters of charity there is ever an air of cheerfulness, caused by their own sweetness of temper and voluntary devotion to the work. At the time that I visited this hospital it contained 612 patients—300 men and 312 women—in two ranges of building divided by a very pretty garden. The whole interior management is entrusted to 25 trained sisters of the same order as those who serve the Hôtel-Dieu. There are besides about 40 servants, men and women—men to do the rough work, and male nurses to assist in the men's wards under the superintendence of the sisters. There are three physicians and two surgeons in constant attendance, a steward or comptroller of accounts, and other officers. To complete this picture, I must add that the hospital Laborisiere was founded by a lady, a rich heiress, a married woman too, whose husband, after her death, carried out her intentions to the utmost with zeal and fidelity. She had the assistance of the best architects in France to plan her building; medical and scientific men had aided her with their counsels. What the feminine instinct of compassion had conceived was by the manly intellect planned and ordered, and again by female aid administered. In all its arrangements this hospital appeared to me a perfect example of the combined working of men and women.

"In contrast with this slendid foundation, I will mention another not less admirable in its way.

"When I was at Vienna, I saw a small hospital belonging to the sisters of charity there. The beginning had been very modest, two of the sisters living in a small old house. Several of the adjoining buildings were added one after the other, connected by wooden corridors; the only new part which had any appearance of being adapted to its purpose was the infirmary, in which were fifty-two patients, twenty-six men and twenty-six women, besides nine beds for cholera. There were fifty sisters, of whom one-half were employed in the house, and the other half were going their rounds amongst the poor, or nursing the sick in private houses. There was a nursery for infants, whose mothers were at work; a day-school for 150 girls, in which only knitting and sewing were taught, all clean, orderly, and, above all, cheerful. There was a dispensary, where only two of the sisters were employed in making up prescriptions, homœopathic and allopathic. There was a large airy kitchen, where three of the sisters with two assistants were cooking. There were two priests and two physicians. So that, in fact, under this roof we had the elements on a small scale of an English workhouse; but very different was the spirit which animated it.

"In the great civil hospital at Vienna, one of the largest I have ever seen, larger than the Hôtel-Dieu at Paris, I found that the sisters of charity were about to be introduced. One of my friends there, a distinguished naturalist and philosopher as well as physician, told me that the disorderly habits and the want of intelligence in the paid female nurses had induced him to join with his colleagues in inviting the cooperation of the religious sisters, though it was at first rather against their will. In the hospital of St. John at Salzburg, the same change had been found necessary.

"One of the directors of the great military hospital at Turin told me that he regarded it as one of the best deeds of his life, that he had recommended, and carried through, the employment of the sisters of charity in this institution. Before the introduction of these ladies, the sick soldiers had been nursed by orderlies sent from the neighbouring barracks—men chosen because they were unfit for other work. The most rigid discipline was necessary to keep them in order; and the dirt, neglect and general immorality were frightful. Any change was, however, resisted by the military and medical authorities, till the invasion of the cholera: then the orderlies became, most of them, useless, distracted, and almost paralyzed with terror. Some devoted sisters of charity were introduced in a moment of perplexity and panic; then all went well—propriety, cleanliness and comfort prevailed. 'No day passes,' says my informant, 'that I do not bless God for the change which I was the humble instrument of accomplishing in this place!'

"The Marchese A——, one of the governors of the Hospice de la Maternité, described to me in terms of horror the state in which he had found the establishment when under the management of a board of governors who employed hired matrons and nurses. At last, in despair, he sent for some trained sisters, ten of whom, with a superior, now directed the whole in that spirit of order, cheerfulness and unremitting attention, which belongs to them. The Marchese particularly dwelt on their economy. 'We cannot,' said he, 'give them unlimited means (*des fonds a discretion*), for these good ladies think that all should go to the poor; but if we allow them a fixed sum, we find they can do more with that sum than we could have believed possible, and they never go beyond it: they are admirable accountants and economists.'"

THE "DEVILISH" RAGE OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

[The *London Times* thus prefaces a letter—such an one as we are all familiar with—from an English gentleman on a tour in Kansas.]

There is classical authority for talking of "divine rage," and certainly the epithet is more complimentary than "diabolical" or "satanic," though, perhaps, when accurately analyzed, it would be found to have not very far from the same meaning. Every phase of human nature which was a departure from the strict control of reason partook in classical theology, as it does now in Oriental, of the nature of inspiration. Man is the rational being, so called; when he comes out of the rational phase he may be either more or less than man, but he is not man; he is either a god or a devil, and inaccurate minds are not exactly able to say which. That was the "divine rage," then, of Homer, who probably had a little of both meanings in his head when he used the word. Passion may be a good or bad inspiration, but it is an inspiration. How different, then, we are to observe next, are the forms of this condition of divinity or inspiration. There is nothing in which people differ more than in their ways of being angry. From its first entrance into the world to the present hour, rage has been Protean, assuming all forms and expressions. The rage of the Titans and Centaurs, which produced a furious flinging of mountains and lashing of tails, was different from the rage of an English gentleman in the moment of being cheated by a cabman, or being too late for the train, though both exhibit that vehemence of emotion which is in poetical language divine. Classical rage differs from Oriental—Oriental differs from European. The old Norseman had his *Beresark* rage; what this was we do not exactly know; it has become extinct, like the Greek fire; we can only conjecture that it was no joke, for it was the sort of rage which made a man go into battle stripped to his *sark*, or shirt, under a Northern sky, and come out scathless whether from frost or foe. A fight in the Valhalla when the Scandinavian divinities and heroes had had a glass too much must have been very terrific, and very different from an Irish shillelagh row. Dante represents Nimrod in the *Inferno* mouthing horribly and unintelligibly in Nimrod language. A German has a different way of being in a passion from a Frenchman, a Frenchman from a Spaniard, a Spaniard from an Englishman. Their angers are characteristics of the different people, like their forms of salutation. There are as many different kinds of rage as there are of wine. The vintages of no two years are exactly alike. The tastes of beer are infinite. The rage of the Hydra, the rage of Achilless, the rages of Xerxes and Alexander the Great, the rages of an Assyrian Emperor, a Roman Emperor, a Goth, a Spanish Inquisitor, a Norman Baron, a Puritan hunting a Cavalier, a French revolutionist, are different exhibitions, and different forms of one great emotion.

If any one wishes to know what the rage of a Southern slaveowner is, he must read a letter in our columns to-day. It is indeed a picture. The wars of Titans and Centaurs, of Goths, Vandals, Tartars, Turks, have produced their striking and appalling forms of the inspiration of rage; but we should be surprised if, taking all the features of the exhibition, any of them much surpassed the form portrayed in that letter. Here is indeed a specimen of humanity under this questionable kind of inspiration. Look at it; see if the Southerner of Kansas is not a model for Front de Bœuf in Ivanhoe, or any picture of giant with his bearskin and club. It is the modern form of this picture. Every feature is modern, indeed, and we have to translate all along as we go through the details, but we see the same fundamental exhibition. To call it horrible, or revolting, or disgusting, or any other such epithets, would feebly describe it, because you see that there is a wholeness about it, which can only be given in some general word which has not yet been discovered—there is such a grotesque mixture of savage and low features, of the wild man and the gin-drinker, the desperado blackguard, bravo highwayman, blackleg, and Thug, all mingled together in chaotic confusion. Pindar gives the language of gods, and Dante the language of demons; but what language is it that we have here, which is neither the language of gods, nor demons, nor men, but the slang of the Yankee slavedriver? What a horrible grim language—if language it may be called—has gathered round his revolver; how he hugs his favourite weapon, addresses it with appalling endearment, personifies it, idolizes, and treats it as his convenient pocket god, who always does what he is asked to do! "This here tool of mine, it is not the first time that it has seen a blue-belly." The sword, the lance and spear, the bow and arrow of ancient warfare, have all been the centres of poetical phraseology; the praises of the romantic weapons have been celebrated in their day; it is now the revolver's turn, and it is the centre of a poetical diction of its own, such as Homer or Ossian never dreamt of. The grim playfulness, the irony of blood, the inuendo which is expressive by not expressing, all that species of language which obtains its force by stooping short and leaving a horrible unfilled void, which the imagination fills with a shattered brainless skull—this is the *forte* and accomplishment of the Southern revolver-user. But he is at the same time able to mix substance with shadow, and plain words with dark hints, as the image of the hated Northerner crosses his mind. "I'm the man to put a chunk of lead into his woolly head right off; that's what I'll do. I reckon I can raise the top off the head of ere a one of you with this 'ere tool. I'm a mighty ceurious customer, I am. No Northern nigger-stealers here. I'll fix 'em up mighty smart, I will. I'm bound to bring down some one before I've done." The "red flannel shirt," the immense boots worn "outside the trousers," the "faces unwashed, unshaven, and still reeking with the dust and smoke and blood of Lawrence," the "savage looks, horrible imprecations and blasphemies," the "rifles, cutlasses," and "bowie-knives," besides the revolver, the cards strewn along the pavement, relicts of the night's gambling, the rush to the bar, the more furious because they were already most of them "maddened with whiskey," together with the calls to the barman—"Step up and liquor, you sir; a heap finer this stuff than that rotgut ashore"—the excitement of the "newspaper slips"—all this composes a picture the exact like of which the world never saw before. It is a new combination in the moral world—if we may allow so singularly inappropriate a term—as we have new combinations in the chymical.

Here is a specimen, then, of what human nature can come to when it simply gives way to coarse and vindictive passion—a specimen of the rage and fury of a class whose pockets are threatened by a philanthropical movement. The Southern planter will doubtless disown the portrait, and say that he has no more in common with it than a candidate for an English county or borough in former times had with the brutal *in terrorem* exhibitions which took place at elections then. He will say this, and doubtless there is many a Southern planter lounging in his pleasure grounds, and looking not very unlike, in outside, to an English country gentleman, who will express quite as much disgust at these scenes as we do. Still, such demonstrations as these must be allowed to affect a cause. They are plain indications of it. The Southern planter, after he has used these men as his tools, will try, perhaps, to throw off all responsibility for them. But he must not be allowed to do this. And, beside, these exhibitions are, after all, only one step in advance of his own personal behaviour in society and the late scene in the American Senate-house.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The English version of the Scriptures now in use is itself the result of repeated revisions. In the preface to the Bishop's Bible (A. D. 1568) a distinct reference is made to early Saxon versions, and there are still extant parts of the Bible in Saxon, translated by Bede, by Alfred the Great, and by Ælfric of Canterbury. Early Saxon MSS. of the Gospels are still preserved in the libraries of the British Museum, and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

The first complete translation of the Bible was made by *Wycliffe*, about A. D. 1380. It existed only in MS. for many years, but the whole is now in print (New Testament, 1731; Old Testament, 1848). The work was regarded with grave suspicion; and a bill was introduced into the House of Lords for suppressing it: but through the influence of John O'Gaunt, this was rejected. In 1408, however, in a convocation held at Oxford, it was resolved that no one should translate any text of Scripture into English, as a book or tract, and that no book of the kind should be read. This resolution led to great persecution, though there is reason to believe that, notwithstanding, many MSS. of Scripture were at that time in extensive circulation throughout England.

The first *printed* edition of the Bible in English was published by *Tyndale*, the New Testament in 1526, and the Bible, in part, in 1532. Tonstall, Bishop of London, and Sir Thomas More, took great pains to buy up and burn the impression, but with the effect thereby of enabling the translator to publish a larger and improved edition.

On the death of Tyndale (who died a martyr to the truth), Miles Coverdale revised the whole, dedicated it to King Henry the 8th, A. D. 1535, and in 1537, *John Rogers*, who had assisted Tyndale, and was then residing at Antwerp, reprinted an edition, taken from Tyndale and Coverdale. This edition was published under the assumed name of *Thomas Matthews*. A revision of this edition again was published (A. D. 1539), by *Richard Taverner*.

The *Great Bible* appeared A. D. 1539. It was Coverdale's, revised by the translator, under the sanction of Cranmer. It was printed in large folio. For the edition of 1540, Cranmer wrote a preface, and it is hence called *Cranmer's* Bible. It was published "by authority."

During the seven years of King Edward's (VI.) reign, eleven editions of the Scripture were printed: but no new version or revision was attempted.

During the reign of Mary was published the *Geneva* Bible, A. D. 1557–60. Coverdale and others, who had taken refuge in Geneva, edited it, and added marginal annotations.

Archbishop Parker obtained authority from Queen Elizabeth to revise the existing translations, and, with the help of various bishops and others, published in 1568 what was called *the Bishop's Bible*. It contains short annotations, and in the smaller editions (from 1589) the text is divided, like the Genevan, into verses.

The same text was afterwards printed (in 1572) in a larger size, and with various prefaces, under the name of *Matthew Parker's* Bible. It continued in common use in the churches for forty years, though the Genevan Bible was perhaps more read in private.

The *Rhemish* New Testament, and the *Douay* Old Testament, form the English Bible of the Romanists. The former was printed at Rheims (A. D. 1582), and the latter at Douay (A. D. 1609–10).

In 1603, King James resolved on a revision of the translation, and for this purpose appointed fifty-four men of learning and piety. Forty-seven only undertook the work, and in four years (from 1607–11) it was completed. The text as thus prepared and printed in 1611 is the *authorized version.*—*Bible Hand-Book.*

MUSIC AT SHIRLEY CHASE.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

The most valuable collections of "catches," rounds, and canons, for three or four voices, were cautiously circulated during the Protecorate; and deep in the retirement of many such a house as Woodstock, the prayers for the Restoration and the practice of "profane music" were kept up together.

The merry monarch loved a *tune*, and small blame to him.—*Quarterly Review.*

Cavalier, music! Shirley Chase,
Hidden deep amid oak-trees royal,
Is the noble home for a knightly race—
Old as the oak-trees—proud and royal.
Snow has fallen on the White King's bier—
Cromwell lords it late and early,
But as yet his troopers come not here;
At home in his hall sits Sir Everard Shirley.

Moonlight pours through the painted orlels,
Firelight flickers on pictured walls;
Full of solemn and sad memorials
Is the room where that mingled glimmer falls.
There is the banner of Arthur Shirley,
Who died for Charles on a misty wold:
There is his portrait—an infant curly—
Whose corse in an unknown grave lies cold.

Hot and sudden swooped Rupert's horse
Down on the villanous Roundhead churls,
But they left young Arthur a mangled corse,
With the red mire clotting his chestnut curls:
Only son of an ancient race
As any that dwells in England's realm—
Ah, a shadow sleeps on Sir Everard's face
When he thinks of his soldier's snow-plumed helm:

Madrigal music fills the room
With spring-like beauty and delicate grace;
Vanishes half their weary gloom
As Harry St. Osyth's manly bass
And Maud's soprano and Amy in alt,
Mingle like streams on a verdurous shore:
But memory sets them at once at fault
As they think of the tenour that's heard no more.

After, a rare old English glee,
Humorous, eloquent, daring, buoyant,
Rings through the chamber strong and free,
And shakes the million'd panes flamboyant:
Merry music of olden time
Gaily defying the Cromwell-manacle,
Stoutly rebelling in hearty rhyme
'Gainst cant and heresy puritanical.

Then Amy down to the organ sits,
And a pleasant prelude sounds sonorous
As over the keys her white hand flits,
And a Latin canon claims their chorus.
Not in the great cathedrals now
Does saintly song as of yore find place:
But it smooths awhile the furrowed brow
Of the sad old master of Shirley Chase.

* * * * * * *

But the King shall have his own again—
Merry King Charles o'er the stormy water:
Then shall ye hear an easier strain,
A gayer music, Joy's own daughter.
Melody then shall dance right merrily—
Beauty undreamt-of, endless grace,
Shall sound through the air of England verily,
And flood the chambers of Shirley Chase.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Four volumes of Theodore Parker's works have appeared in German, together with a volume of Hymns suggested by his writings.

—It is understood among the friends of the late Miss Mitford that selections from her correspondence are in preparation by the Rev. W. Harness, her executor and friend for many years.

—The family of John Adams, and of the mutineers of the Bounty, have migrated from Pitcairn's Island, and have taken up their residence upon Norfolk Island, which has been given up as a penal settlement.

—Chapel to the Memory of Luther.—The German Journal of Frankfort states that a subscription limited to three kreutzers (about fifteen centimes) to each person has been opened at Worms for the construction of a Gothic chapel in that town in honour of Luther, and of his protest to the Diet of Worms.

—Sampson Low, Son & Co., the London publishers of "Dred," announce that they have sold already 100,000 copies, have 20,000 more in preparation, with an unabated demand. By arrangement with this house, Mrs. Stowe will be entitled as copyright on the editions already sold, the price having been fixed at a very low figure, to about £1,200.

—Another copy of the quarto edition of Hamlet (1603), of which the only other copy at present known is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, has lately turned up, and, although imperfect in the beginning, supplies at the end that portion of which the Duke's copy is deficient. This copy, which comes from Ireland, was, we learn on good authority, offered to Mr. Halliwell and to the British Museum for 50 guineas, and by both refused; it then came into the hands of Messrs. Boone, of Bond street, who have sold it, Sybilline fashion, to Mr. Halliwell, at the advanced price of £120.

—At Neudorf, in the Austrian dominion, there is a prison governed chiefly by women. Its inmates are classified as the desperate, the penitent and the voluntary, and were more than 200 in number. To manage these unhappy, disordered, perverted creatures (some of whom had been brought in chains from Vienna) there were twelve women, assisted by three chaplains, a surgeon, and a physician; none of the men resided in the house, but visited it every day. The soldiers and police officers, who had been sent in the first instance as guards and jailors, had been dismissed.

—It may interest our readers to know that the number of books manufactured yearly in Germany amounts on an average to about 9,000. Dr. Kapf gives an analysis of the Publishers' List for 1854, in which 9,221 books were advertised. He observes that such a flood of sound and wholesome literature would be an inestimable blessing, but that, with the exception of a few profound treatises on particular sciences, and a few really edifying works, the majority of these books would never have existed, "if the booksellers had not desired always to have new works in their shops," a desire which authors gratify by a regular process of manufacture.—*Literary Churchman, Eng.*

—The Aberdeen *Journal* of Wednesday (September 16) announces the arrival in that port of the Lady Franklin, Capt. Penny, from Hogarth Sound, Cumberland Straits, where Capt. Penny and his crew had been prosecuting the fishing during the Winter. "We are sorry," says the local journal, "to report that Capt. Penny has been seriously ill since April last. In the course of the Winter he saw many of the native Esquimaux, and was informed by some of them, that they had heard from some other tribes of their having seen, a long distance in a North-westerly direction from Hogarth's Sound, and probably about the year 1850, a circular white tent, erected on the ice, and that, in the absence of all the inmates, they had stolen from it articles of bright metal. On a second visit several months after, two white men were seen in the tent. The natives also brought the story of a party of white men, in the locality indicated, having been compelled by hunger to devour each other. These reports are quite consistent with that brought by Dr. John Rae."—*Athenæum.*

—The Popular Preacher of the Day.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, *the* popular preacher of the day, draws such large congregations in London that his chapel will not hold all who come; and until a place sufficiently capacious be built, Exeter Hall, which only holds some three or four thousand persons, must suffice. He was lately at Cheltenham, and a correspondent of the *Cheltenham Examiner* says that he used the following expressions from the pulpit there: "I believe there may be holy devils seven or eight weeks before there are Unitarian Christians." "There is not a sheet of brown paper between a Unitarian and an Infidel." "Some people make fools of themselves in the pulpit." "Some of my brother ministers I don't entertain an infinitesimal grain of respect for." "Some of you will perhaps say, 'My life is short.' Come, I'll stick it on a save-all: God likes to use up all the small pieces of candles." "Littlefaith would be drowned in a cart-rut after a heavy dew." "Faith is milk—full assurance is cream; if the milk stand long enough, cream will come, or it must be some of the London mixture." "Prayer and faith are like the Siamese twins; when one is ill, the other is ill."

—The literary powers of the Albanians are represented by some of the following proverbs: 1. A good horse is known even under a bad horse-cloth. 2. The white *para* for the black day. 3 When your wallet has figs in it, all the world are friends. 4. He that has tongs does not burn his hand. 5. The ass's bray never reaches heaven. 6. Sharp vinegar destroys its vessel. 7. He that hath no man (as friend) hath no God. 8. Two cats conquer a bear. 9. Flad the bare, and take off his breeches (it's ill takin' the breeks aff a Hielanman). 10. Where many spit a river flows (many a little, &c.). 11. Who digs a grave for another often falls into it himself. 12. Two cocks never sit on one dunghill. 13. Who loiters goes further. 14. Better know much than have much. 15. He that climbs a height sees a precipice. 16. What the belly holds the glass draws forth. 18. Misfortune brings thee to thy foeman's door. 18. The cherry falls near the cherry tree. 19. The blockhead has no horns (fools not easily recognised). 20. If thou hast no friend, consult thy staff (do nothing without advice). 21. Better an egg to-day than a hen next year. 22. To a child that weeps not, the mother does not give the breast (the modern Greeks say—who does not speak, him they bury alive).

—Malbrook.—"A trifling circumstance led to the popularity of the song in France. The ill-starred Marie Antoinette having obtained the services of a simple peasant-woman as nurse to the Dauphin, was one day struck by the smartness of an air which, says the relater of the anecdote, 'made the young prince open his eyes to the name of Marlborough!' The gay queen's fancy was touched by the sprightly tune; even the king took up the refrain and from the private apartments of Varsailles to the stables the song made a furore in Paris, Beaumarchais even introducing it into his opera of 'Figaro.' The thing, in fact, *took*; a rage for the name was evinced in many ways; stuffs, silks, ragouts, carriages, furniture, received the stamp of fashion with the title of Malbrook; in short, 'nothing but the fall of the Bastile put a stop to the furore'; and it was revived again when Napoleon, albeit he had no taste for music, took to humming the air! 'Indeed,' concludes the antiquarian, who goes as seriously into the theme as though he were tracing the source of some heroic poem, 'we are inclined to think with Monsieur de Chateaubriand, that it is very probably the same air as that sung by Godfrey de Bouillon under the walls of Jerusalem!' This flourish of trumpets winds up with the brazen assurance that 'the Arabs chant it to this day.'"—*Dublin University.*

—Gold Medal.—M. F. Tupper, Esq., of England, has given a gold medal for the encouragement of Liberia literature, under the following conditions: "The holder is to possess the medal for a year, and to have the privilege of wearing it on all proper, social or public occasions, with such precedence as the President in council may see fit to allow. When he does not wear the medal, or after he has ceased to hold it, he is to be at liberty to wear a riband at the button-hole; and his name as a gold-medalist is to be publicly recorded wherever the President (as aforesaid) may please." The intention being that such former or actual holders receive thereby, for life, some acknowledged honour and precedence among their fellow-citizens. "Seeing that the medal is to descend, the actual holder is to be reasonably responsible for its safe custody and proper usage, in its case and with its appendages." "Copies of the medal, in other metals than gold, may be procured and kept by former holders; but in no case may be worn: And the gold, as well as the privilege of wearing it, is to be unique." "To avoid the possible case of an unworthy award, if there be no worthy candidate, the medal is to be in abeyance, under the President's custody." The subject now presented for competition is "*The Future of Africa.*" The decision is to be made on the first Thursday of January, 1857. All competitors must be Liberian citizens, whether male or female, and good moral characters.—*Christian Mirror.*

—Slavery in England.—The following curious advertisements are republished in the *Notes and Queries*: "A black boy, of about fifteen years of age, named John White, ran away from Colonel Kirke the 15th inst. He has a silver collar about his neck, upon which is the colonel's coat-of-arms and cipher; he has upon his throat a great scar, bare in habit. Whosoever brings the aforesaid boy to Colonel Kirke's house, near the Privy Garden, will be rewarded."—*London Gazette, March*, 1685. "To be sold, a negro boy about 14 years old, warranted free from any distemper, and has had those fatal to that colour; has been used two years to all kinds of household work, and to wait at table; his price is £25, and would not be sold but the person he belongs to is leaving off business. Apply to the bar of the George Coffee-house in Chancery-lane, over against the gate."—*London Advertiser*, 1756. "Matthew Dyer, working goldsmith, at the Crown, in Duck-lane, Orchard street, Westminster, apprentice and successor to Mr. John Redman, corkscrew maker, deceased, continues the business of his late master, in making all sorts of gold and silver corkscrews, tobacco-stoppers, silver padlocks for Blacks or dogs, silver clasp-knives, &c.; where merchants and shopkeeps may be supplied with any quantity on the least notice and the lowest prices. An apartment of the above work kept by him."—*Ibid.* By the decision of the Court of King's Bench, in 1772, the sale of a negro in this country was rendered illegal, and every black, male or female, was free from the moment of landing on British ground.

A Scotch "Humbug."—It is not, perhaps, generally known (writes the *Caledonian Mercury's* correspondent) that, at the Treaty of Union, which was subscribed *sub rosa*, the custodiership of Holyrood-palace was placed in the hands of the Duke of Hamilton, the nearest heir to the Stewart throne, as a check on English aggression. In this illustrious family the palace of Holyrood has been invested. They have a residence there; and, as in the instance of Hampton-court, several of the nobility and gentry have lodgings there, as it is no longer used as a royal residence. That Holyrood has discontinued to be the residence of monarchy is very much owing to the arbitrary conduct of the former dukes of Hamilton (the present duke is the pleasing reverse of his ancestors). When King George IV. visited Scotland in 1822, his majesty had to lodge with the then young Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith-palace, and only held his levee at the palace of Holyrood, *pro forma*. His majesty, however, took occasion to pay one or two *private* visits to his ancestral palace, and to his surprise found that it was not his own, but *another's!* Our most gracious Queen has got a quiet *nook* in her own palace, with which her Majesty is seemingly satisfied, as it is only for a night's lodging. But it is no wonder that the halls of Holy